

The Saturday Review

No. 2063, Vol. 79.

11 May, 1895.

Price 6d.

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[A Literary Supplement is issued with this Number.]

CHRONICLE.

EVERY one will be sorry to read in the daily papers that Lord Rosebery broke down in his speech at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday evening. He grew pale, we are told in the *Times*, and came to a stop, remarking pathetically in a side-whisper to Lord Spencer Bannerman, "I really cannot go on; I was due probably to a loss of energy should rest. The mind, like a muscle, is trained, and once the intellectual nothing can be done but to throw some amusement. Lord Rosebery hates to leave his post; but he has shown courage and determination enough. He should now consider his health and the future.

There is a curious modern theory about nervous breakdown which may be worth stating. Some physicians say that just before the nerves "go on strike," they fulfil their functions most fully and easily, deluding their unsuspecting possessor with the idea that his mental capital is inexhaustible, and thus intensifying the breakdown. Certainly this was the case with Lord Randolph Churchill in 1885 and 1886. On the other hand, there are medical authorities who cherish the hypothesis of a slow and gradual wearing-out of the nervous energy.

The Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill still provokes the bored inattention of the House of Commons. On Tuesday last the Government had to give some reason for including Monmouthshire in the Bill, which reason, it is needless to say, was not forthcoming. Because there are many Welshmen in the western part of Monmouthshire lumped with Wales, while the equal eastern half to retain its present of England is ignored. The whole contradictions; local majorities upon, and set aside. Government Monmouthshire to have an Established ..., because of the inconvenience of having such an oasis in a surrounding area that desires disestablishment, but they found it easy in dealing with an outlying portion of Flint to defend the converse inconvenience of having an area of disestablishment inside an area of establishment.

The House is so immersed in the details of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill that it has neither time nor energy to interest itself deeply in any other subject. Still, one hears now and then a word about the Walworth election. Some members think that the presence of a Socialist candidate diminishes the chances of Colonel Colquhoun Reade, who is now posing as a representative of latter-day Radicalism, though in 1886, as the Unionist candidate for the Eye division of Suffolk,

he was known for his denunciation of the Irish members, who, he stated, "had not been ashamed to profit by intimidation, outrage, and murder." Aptly enough, the *St. James's Gazette* asks whether the Walworth Radicals, after having been represented for a couple of years by a "wobbler," are anxious now to put a turncoat in his place. We are afraid, however, that neither Colonel Reade's antecedents nor the presence of the Socialist will have much to do with the result. The party of discontent is impervious to reason, and everything will depend upon the enthusiasm which the Conservative, Mr. James Bailey, may be able to excite among the more respectable voters. It will be noticed, however, that the first point has been scored in his favour. The Returning Officer has appointed Tuesday next for the polling day, and is consequently denounced by the Radicals, who would have preferred Saturday.

As we stated nearly three weeks ago, Sir Donald Macfarlane's motion, advocating our evacuation of Egypt, stood first on the list for Friday evening, the 10th. It seems probable, however, that the House will be counted out; still the motion has brought the matter before the Cabinet. Lord Rosebery, it seems, is strongly in favour of continuing our occupation, whereas the majority of the Cabinet are opposed to this policy. The fight within the Cabinet on Thursday afternoon was doubtless interesting; it is rather a pity the public are not likely to know the details of it. If the disagreement induces Sir W. V. Harcourt to push his Local Veto Bill to a second reading, thereby bringing about an immediate General Election, Sir Donald Macfarlane may congratulate himself on having lived to some purpose.

Mr. Morley argued on Wednesday that the Crimes Act in Ireland should be repealed, because "agrarian offences in that country had come down to a lower figure than they had ever reached since the figures were kept," and because "the percentage of convictions for agrarian offences had gone up. In 1891 the cases where convictions were obtained amounted to 7 per cent, in 1892 to 8 per cent, in 1893 to 17 per cent, and in 1894 to 16 per cent of the offences." Mr. Morley argued, that in order to ensure "steady administration" the Coercion Act should be repealed. He was admirably answered by Mr. T. W. Russell, who showed that even in 1887 jurors in Ireland did their duty at the risk of their lives. "It was time," he said, "that the truth should be plainly told, that trial by jury for agrarian offences in Ireland was a solemn farce. The only people who were likely to suffer were not the men who were tried, but the men who had the misfortune to try them." Mr. Russell proceeded to ask the Chief Secretary why he kept the Arms Act in force, which was an infringement of the Constitution. Mr. Morley, he explained, wished to repeal the Crimes Act, which could only be necessary in Nationalist Ireland, and at the same time to

retain the Arms Act, which "might be useful in restraining the Ulster Orangemen should they break out." This last thrust seemed to render further debate unnecessary.

The French papers are perpetually producing new schemes to ensure the success of the Exposition of 1900. As M. Eiffel had gone 1000 ft. into the air, some idiot proposed to sink a pit 1000 ft. into the ground, into which visitors should be invited to descend. At last the *Figaro* has got an idea that must be admitted to have a charm of its own. Jean Aicard proposes to turn the Tuileries into a sort of earthly paradise for children. One will find there all sorts of amusements: panoramas and dioramas of every kind; a small circus is to be made for child-performers, and theatres for fairy tales and story-tellers. There is, also, to be a picture gallery filled with the portraits of illustrious children. Twice a week the entrance to this child's paradise would be free to all, and a committee of children would receive delegations from the children in the various orphan homes throughout France. The gains of this garden will be, it is supposed, enormous, and a large part of them is to be devoted to all works of charity calculated to benefit childhood.

It will be fresh in the memory of those who have been interested in the Chitral expedition that a gallant attempt was made by a little party of sixty Sikhs, under Captain Ross and Lieutenant Jones, to assist Lieutenants Fowler and Edwards at Reshun. It appears from the account given by Lieutenant Jones that they had almost succeeded in reaching their goal when they found their passage barred by a narrow defile. From the heights on either side the enemy fired and rolled huge masses of rock down at our men as they attempted, time after time, to force their way through the gorge. The coolies, panic-stricken at the enemy's deadly attack, threw away their baggage and ran for their lives into caves, or wherever they could hide themselves, and were with difficulty found again. At the last attempt to force the passage the hail of stone and rock showered from above rendered advance impossible, and the gallant efforts of the Sikhs were all in vain. The cliffs on either flank were not to be scaled, and the hostile *sangars*, from which a steady fire was poured down, were quite beyond reach. It was whilst bravely encouraging his men to yet another attempt that Captain Ross was mortally wounded. With difficulty the remnant of the party fought their way out of that fatal pass. Of the sixty Sikhs who started on the expedition, seventeen only reached the open plain. The rest had either been killed or made prisoners.

The first Agricultural School ever established in England for the children of the very poorest classes was formally opened on Tuesday last at West Lavington, near Devizes, by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. "It had been left," he said, "to the munificence of a City Company to start an experiment which was fraught with enormous consequences and was of national importance." He referred to the fact that he had been chairman of a Committee of the House of Commons which considered the subject of small holdings. They examined many witnesses and found absolute unanimity on two points. The first was that the small tenants have borne the agricultural depression better than the larger tenants. The second was that there were many reasons of the highest social and political importance why there should be a freer distribution of land amongst the population. We must now go further, Mr. Chamberlain declared, and teach those who were to be the occupiers how to make the best use of their opportunities; this school must not remain a solitary experiment. Every one will agree, at any rate, with this last recommendation of Mr. Chamberlain.

The *Standard* asserts that "our military system as at present conducted is, after all, perfectly satisfactory"; and this in spite of the fact that successive Ministers of War, Conservative as well as Radical, have declared that it should be altered. Under this system we cannot produce, at any reasonable notice, a single army corps ready to take the field, and our army is not only weaker, but more inefficient than the army of Roumania, while it

costs as much as the German army. The extravagant expenditure is usually attributed to the fact that service with us is not compulsory, but, as every one knows now, that item does not account for a tenth of the whole cost.

How is it, we wonder, that the Welsh Celts are so inferior to the Irish Celts in oratory, if not as Parliamentarians? They hold together and vote as one man; but none of them can be compared as speakers to Messrs. Sexton, Healy, or T. P. O'Connor. In spite of the opportunity afforded them by this Welsh Disestablishment Bill, none of them has made a speech that deserves to be remembered. Mr. Lloyd-George is the orator of the party; but he only "comes off" occasionally. Besides, he is a dreamer, and will never have any real influence in an assembly which is still possessed of strong practical instincts. S. T. Evans is a more considerable man; he has a real grip of affairs, some knowledge of men, and knows how to get information from persons better informed than himself. But he is a barrister, dependent upon his profession for his living, and is consequently seldom to be found at Westminster. D. A. Thomas, too, has practical ability, and can make a good common-sense speech. But he is a large coal-owner, and prefers to neglect the interests of his reputation in the House while continuing to increase the respect proffered by his bankers.

Sir Robert Peel was found dead in his room on Thursday morning. He was apparently in excellent health up to the time when he retired on Wednesday night. On Tuesday evening he was present in St. James's Hall at the great meeting to protest against the massacres and outrages in Armenia, and might have been observed in the front of the audience, the tears running down his face, while he listened, completely carried away, to the silvery voice and the impassioned eloquence of Lady Henry Somerset, whose speech was worth all the other speeches put together. Sir Robert Peel was an active and assiduous member of Parliament, and retained his seat for Tamworth for some thirty years. He was in the Diplomatic Service up to 1850, afterwards in 1855 he was a Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1861 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was a man of considerable ability.

We are struck by the mildness displayed by some lovers of the Bulgarian and Armenian Christians when a Gladstonian Government is in power. Mr. Gladstone no longer preaches in the old vein. He no longer insists that the Turks should be turned "bag and baggage" out of Europe at the cost of a war involving at least a quarter of a million human lives. What he desires is "peace and tranquillity through the whole world," and that the horrors may not be repeated. Even Canon McColl contented himself with moving a resolution calling upon Her Majesty's Government, "in pursuance of treaty responsibilities, to take immediate action for putting an end to the barbarous misrule which has prevailed in Turkish Armenia," and his speech was as mild as "the south that breathes upon a bank of violets." Let us not be misunderstood; we sympathize with the objects of the meeting. Turkey, by her continued maltreatment of her Christian subjects, has violated the treaties by which we bound ourselves to defend her territories. It should be understood that in the future we will not fight for Turkey, and it would be well if, in concert with Russia, who will certainly be supported by France, we insisted upon the appointment in Armenia of International Commissioners, who would see that in the future the Armenians were properly governed.

Every one knows that Paris is a perfect nest of municipal corruption, and the beautiful Bois de Boulogne has especially suffered from the devastation of civic favouritism. Restaurants have been leased in various parts of the Bois on suspiciously favourable conditions, but the latest infringement of public rights is also the most objectionable. The Prince de Sagan obtained permission from the city of Paris to build a private cycling club there, and, contrary to the agreement, he sent men to cut down the trees at night-time. This act of vandalism has a parallel in the wanton destruction of trees that has been going on for some time

in the Epping Forest. But in our case the vandalism has not even the excuse of snobbishness.

At the dinner given to Mr. Alfred Webb, M.P., a week ago by the friends of the Indian National Congress in London, in honour of his presidency of that body for the time being, the young India element evinced a good deal of enthusiasm at the somewhat remote prospect of the political emancipation of their country. A number of Baboos and agitators are, it is said, coming to England to fight well-known Anglo-Indians at the next General Election. Some of these Oriental political crusaders have, we understand, already reached London. The circumstance lends new interest to the candidature of Mr. M. M. Bhownaggee, C.I.E., a Parsee of Parsee, who is the elect of the Conservatives of North-East Bethnal Green. Mr. Bhownaggee ridicules the idea that India is Radical. It is, he contends, with the exception of China, the most Conservative country under the sun; and the triumph of the Congress programme would bring with it chaos and ruin.

The late Lord Selborne narrowly missed being a great man. All Unionists have reason to be grateful to him for his protest against Home Rule, expressed in a letter to the *Times* in April, 1886, and his speech against the Home Rule Measure of 1893, in which he described the proposal to retain the Irish Members at Westminster as a mere manoeuvre for "turning minorities into majorities." His intellectual activity was many-sided, but of somewhat pedantic cast. He wrote verse on classical models, and was ardently fond of archaeology, especially in its theological aspect. Nature had endowed him with many gifts—he had a great clearness of mind and power of expression, though he never quite got rid of the defect of supersubtlety which characterized the Oxford of Newman and Gladstone. Above all, Lord Selborne was possessed of an exquisite voice, and of a persuasive reasonableness which it was hard to resist. We remember him as Lord Chancellor once reading the Queen's warrant in the House of Lords. It left upon us the impression of being one of the most beautiful pieces of elocution it has been our good fortune to hear.

Zola's opinion of universities is worth reproducing: "Whoever has breathed the air of such a school remains infected by it as long as he lives. The stale and sickly odour of dead and useless learning clings to his very brain, and in spite of all his efforts he goes through life itching with petty jealousies and a pedagogue's love of the rod, and embittered with all the hatred and envy of the old bachelor who had never had courage enough to claim the woman he loved. When such a fellow happens to be quick and bold by nature, an innovator with new ideas, which is not often the case, he spends such time and labour in giving his thought an academic and conventional air that we pass his discovery by as an antiquated formula. He cannot be original if he would; he has lived too long in the world; his being has taken the shape imposed upon it. You may sow scholars and reap professors, but never will you find an original creative intelligence among them: 'des pions! tous des pions! rien que des pions!'"

M. Jules Lemaitre, the scholar, critic, and dramatist, does not agree with M. Zola; yet his opinion must be regarded as being to some extent a confirmation of the sturdy realist's view. M. Lemaitre finds inside the university an "affectation of amused cynicism in attitude of mind as in conversation . . . a disposition to prompt and easy contempt [*tel livre est nul*], and above all a certain irreverence and love of irony and paradox." It is, perhaps, just this disposition to prompt and easy contempt which is the worst environment for a man of original power or genius. The atmosphere of denigration which M. Lemaitre finds in French normal schools and universities is to be found also in Oxford and Cambridge common rooms. Scholarship, which one might suppose would be peculiarly esteemed there, is a mark for jest and gibe. "Throw me something to stop this draught," cries one Fellow to another. "Will a volume of Cicero's Letters do? I have nothing else." "The very thing," comes the prompt answer: "nothing can get through that."

FRENCH HOPES IN THE FAR EAST.

ALTHOUGH only at the last moment, ratifications of the treaty between China and Japan have been exchanged, and the first act of the drama is closed. It still remains, of course, to settle the precise terms of the modification to which Japan has agreed: the retrocession of the Liao peninsula is to be compensated by an equivalent of some kind, which the new Triple Alliance has promised to interest itself in obtaining; but that is a matter of detail which will be arranged, doubtless, without difficulty now the principle has been admitted. It must remain for ever doubtful how far Germany and France would have gone in support of the Russian demand; but the Japanese Government has shown wisdom in acceding to that demand, and its well-wishers will hope that the good sense of the nation will acquiesce in the decision.

The strange thing is that, while so much stress has been laid on the Liao peninsula, the cession of Formosa has passed almost unchallenged. We use the adverb advisedly, because we can scarcely conceive that the demand raised in the French Press for the Pescadores can be seriously meant. It would be a curious way of compensating Japan for her compliance in the North, and a curious expression of the sympathy which she has been so freely promised, to deprive her of her Malta as well as of her Gibraltar; for the Pescadores are, as we pointed out last week, the port and harbour of the larger island; it is at Makung that Japan will probably construct the naval station for her new dependency. These islands have been for years an object of aspiration in Cochinchina and Tongking, but it is only recently that the cry has been taken up by the Parisian Press. By some curious process of ratiocination, Admiral Courbet's occupation of Makung and blockade of Formosa, in 1884-5, are held to have given France a sort of prescriptive right to both. But it is hardly to be supposed that England—which cannot, as it is, view with unconcern the advent of a vigorous naval Power within 200 miles of Hongkong—would acquiesce in the supercession of Japan, in turn, by a still stronger Power. The interests which we asserted and relinquished in the case of Port Hamilton, and which lie dormant in a special treaty regarding Chusan, would be likely to spring at once into animation at the prospect of a first-class European Power establishing itself in a position to control the commercial highway along the China coast. There must be a limit, too, to the complaisance of Japan. She will desire to retain some prize of war; and she will, we may be sure, not willingly surrender either Formosa or the Pescadores. England is, in fact, concerned about the Pescadores as much as Russia is concerned about Port Arthur; and is no more likely to consent to their being shuttlecocked from one Power to another, than Russia would have been likely to agree to the substitution of France or Germany for Japan in Liaotung. The question must have forced itself upon the consideration of the Foreign Office at an early stage of the war; and if we have acquiesced in their annexation by Japan we have done so, it may be taken for granted, in pursuance of a policy that we shall not care to see disturbed. Russia's interests in the Far East are political and territorial; ours are maritime and commercial, and lead us naturally to concern ourselves with the fate of the islands and possible naval stations that lie scattered along the China coast. It was in pursuance of these interests that we occupied Hongkong, and it was for their protection that we have placed on record our concern in the future of Chusan.

It was a question, indeed, for some time whether Chusan or Hongkong should be selected for a colony in 1842, and there were many who held that the position of Chusan, off the mouth of the Yangtze, and its more temperate and healthful climate, gave it the better claim. We occupied it again during the expeditions of 1857-60, and have safeguarded it to this day by a special treaty with China, stipulating against its cession to any foreign Power. That treaty is an earnest of our interest in the protection of the highways of Chinese commerce; and the suggestions of the French Press need not be regarded otherwise than as an echo of the irresponsible aspirations of Saigon. The French, we fear, will have to content themselves for the present with Tongking.

PARTY JOURNALISM.

IT is curious that party spirit is more intense in Great Britain and the United States than in other countries. In politics the Anglo-Saxon peoples have outgrown youthful follies, and show a distrust of theoretical reforms and a practical piety in preserving ancient institutions which cause them to be envied by the thinkers of other races. Besides, parties are not sundered so widely in Great Britain as, for example, in France. There are no such differences between Separatists like Mr. Morley, or Radicals like Mr. John Burns, and Unionists like Mr. Arthur Balfour, as divide the man of the Extreme Right, with his Catholic Legitimist beliefs in favour of the divine right, not only of kings and spiritual advisers, but of all constituted authorities, and the blouse-clad Boanerges of the Extreme Left, with his unsatisfied greeds and irrational ideals. Yet if a debate in the French Chamber grows heated, and the speakers on either side become violent, the reports in respectable journals seldom differ widely from each other; and it is no unusual thing to find Republican deputies praised in the Legitimist *Figaro*, or Bonapartist deputies eulogized in the Republican *Temps*. We should naturally expect to find a still greater measure of fairness than this in Great Britain, and it may be said at once that in regard to descriptions of what has happened, British newspapers of all parties may be trusted almost implicitly. The ordinary Briton has a high respect for facts, and strives with conspicuous success to report them exactly; but he has no such respect, it seems, for the impartial fairness of his own mind. The man who would be ashamed of misreporting a scene to the disadvantage of his bitterest personal enemy thinks nothing of condemning a political opponent without any reason whatever, or even in defiance of reason. In his speech on Wednesday night at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Society, Mr. Arthur Balfour drew attention to this peculiarity. "Of course a Radical politician," he said, "does not expect flowery eulogies from the Unionist Press, any more than a Unionist expects to be photographed for the public interest in the best light in the Radical Press." Now this bent and bias, although a matter of custom, does not seem to us a matter of course upon which Englishmen should congratulate themselves. On the contrary, it is a bad habit which should be shaken off, if for no other reason than that it causes friction and involves a loss of power. For instance, it is understood to-day that Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office is carrying on the traditional Conservative policy; he considers it his duty, that is, to forward the interests of this country and to increase its influence in every quarter of the globe. On the whole, as Lord Salisbury has generously acknowledged, Lord Rosebery has been successful in this praiseworthy task; but his efforts are even now criticized in a carping spirit by almost all Conservative journals; and surely this is not the way to encourage political opponents who are paying us the sincere flattery of imitation. And yet nine out of ten Englishmen congratulate themselves upon the fact that Lord Rosebery is at the helm instead of some "Little Englander," who, from time to time, would make foolish and erratic attempts to carry out the Gladstone-Labouchere policy. It would be wiser for us, as well as fairer, to deal sympathetically with Lord Rosebery.

The question as to how far party spirit should obtain in journalism has entered upon a new stage in the last ten or fifteen years. Almost every one now can read, and the vast majority of readers see more than one newspaper. Under these circumstances it must surely be advisable for Conservative journals of all grades to set their opponents an example of impartiality and scrupulous fairness. We can afford to do so, as the saying is. It would be to our advantage to do it, were it not manifestly our duty; for we are at the beginning now of a great reaction in favour of Conservatism. It is more than probable that the Conservatives will be in power for twenty years out of the next thirty, and the victorious party has no temptation to wound and insult its opponents; it should rather seek to conciliate them. It is only weakness that finds a pleasure in depreciation. We do not see why politics and politicians should not be criticized with the same detachment and fairness that we use in regard to a book or a work of art. It is

known that we are Conservatives and Unionists, just as it may be known that in literature we prefer the work of Balzac to the work of Walter Scott; but that would not hinder us from praising a romance which was well done, or prevent us from honouring a political opponent who for some reason or other deserved eulogy. At any rate, we are glad to know that the *Saturday Review*, at the time when it first started and grew to fame, and for many years afterwards during the flood-tide of its popularity, professed and practised a strict impartiality. We quote the following words from the prospectus which Mr. Douglas Cooke appended to the first number of the *Saturday Review*, dated 3 November, 1855. Its writers, he says, will "address themselves to the educated mind of the country . . . not so much in the spirit of party as in the more philosophic attitude of mutual counsel and friendly conflict of opinions. In politics, the *Saturday Review* is independent both of individual statesmen and of worn-out political sections. On subjects of political science they desire, while respecting public opinion, at the same time to accompany and guide it by an independent and vigilant criticism. . . . Speaking generally . . . the writers of the *Saturday Review* claim to be regarded as advocates of liberal and independent opinions." We do not believe that the Conservatism of to-day should be taken as a synonym for narrowness, or that loyalty to the Union requires injustice to opponents.

OLD NUNCIOS AND NEW.

A GOOD many generations have come and gone since Englishmen last saw a Papal Nuncio living among them, and taking his place among the other representatives of foreign Powers accredited to the British Court. The circumstances under which the delegate of the Vatican disappeared for ever from the list of our diplomatic guests are the subject of a great polemical and historical literature, perhaps the largest, and certainly the most picturesque, which has been devoted to any epoch of English history. It involves, indeed, no less a topic than the Reformation itself—a field so vast that the evolutions of the controversial armies engaged in battle upon it, contesting stubbornly each foot of ground, retreating, rallying, abandoning old positions, furtively seizing upon new ones, remain almost unintelligible to the average man. Occasionally some combatant of unusual heroism, or exceptional lung-power, succeeds in producing a definite impression upon the popular mind, which holds good until it is effaced by another. A Dr. Lingard can obtain for one novel set of views a temporary toleration; a Newman, a Ranke, or a Froude, can alter the character of these impressions, and impose a new fashion in Henry VIII.'s, and Cranmers, and De la Poles, upon our passing mood. But it all happened so long ago that ordinary Englishmen would find it difficult, even if they were disposed to try, to put themselves in the place of their forefathers, who sent the Papal Legate packing three hundred years and more ago. It is all the more interesting, therefore, to see another nation, in our own day, reproducing upon its political stage a drama of the Nuncio which is quite in the spirit of our Tudor period, and which reflects, in many of its aspects, what men must have felt and thought here in the decade following the death of Edward VI.

The chronic crisis in Hungary, which flamed up afresh last week to dangerous proportions, and has been postponed rather than settled by the intervention of the Emperor, turns upon the question of the Civil Marriage Bill which, after a prolonged and determined resistance on the part of the Court and the Clerical Party, finally became law last year. It is not a matter for surprise that Rome should have fought with all her power, direct and indirect, to prevent this measure passing through Parliament, and to induce the Emperor, after it had passed, to refuse his sanction to it. This has been the Ultramontane policy in other states, which now recognize civil marriages. In these other instances, however, the Vatican, once beaten, has submitted. It is only in Hungary that the attempt has been made by the Italian prelate-politicians to continue the fight against the law itself.

Up to the last moment of the constitutional struggle against the measure, the Prince Primate, Cardinal

Vasary, and his bishops opposed it with all their might. When it became law, they properly, with one or two exceptions, behaved as Hungarians first and churchmen afterwards, and though they did not pretend to like it, offered no obstacles to its enforcement. The Papal Nuncio accredited to Vienna, Mgr. Agliardi, represented it to them as their duty to encourage resistance to the law. They declined to follow his advice, and the Hungarian Primate even went to Rome to protest against such a policy. The Vatican, however, supported its Nuncio, whereupon he made a tour through Hungary, holding receptions of the more fanatical parish priests, monks, and lower clergy, and publicly urging them to defy their bishops and do all they knew to bring the civil marriage law into contempt and desuetude. This performance naturally enraged the Hungarian people, and their present official leader, Baron Banffy, announced in Parliament at Buda-Pesth that not only did his Government resent it, but that the Imperial Foreign Office had demanded explanations from the Vatican. It turned out that in this he was misinformed, and out of the hitch arose the sudden crisis, and the resignation of Count Kalnoky. The clearing-up of the misunderstanding, when Baron Banffy came up to Vienna to explain his words to the Emperor, was accomplished easily enough. Count Kalnoky had written that he sympathized with the feelings of the Hungarians, and would make the suggested representations at Rome. The assumption that he had done so was quite premature, and thus what threatened to be a serious rupture between Vienna and Buda-Pesth was averted.

The root of the trouble, however, remains untouched and full of mischievous vitality. The Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, repudiates the idea that the Nuncio is simply on a footing at Vienna with other diplomatic representatives of foreign powers, and insists that he has a special spiritual function, in addition to his purely diplomatic capacity, which gives him the right to meddle in all matters where faith is involved. Count Kalnoky himself, in his correspondence with Baron Banffy, partially accepts this claim, and admits that "it is very difficult to define the limits within which the Catholic Church is entitled to defend its rights." This, in itself, must be gall and wormwood to a proud and sensitively independent people like the Hungarians, a majority of whom do not owe even a nominal religious fealty to the Pope. The suggestion that an Italian cleric may be sent into their kingdom by the Vatican, to cover with his ambassadorial mantle an active personal campaign against the enforcement of the law of the land; that he may teach disrespect to the native hierarchy of his church; and make himself the centre of a sectarian and class agitation which divides Hungarians more bitterly than they have been divided before this century, would be intolerable to a far less robust and self-reliant race than the Magyars. But there is an even more unpleasant side to the affair. It is no secret, either at Rome or at Buda-Pesth, that this policy of exasperation which Cardinal Rampolla pursues is deliberately chosen for the purpose of weakening by internal discord the Dual Monarchy which maintains an alliance with Italy, and thus assists to keep the Pope out of his temporal power. This cynical use of Hungary as a pawn in the game of Ultramontane ambitions is peculiarly characteristic of the Vatican. England was used, or, rather, it was sought to use her in much the same way three centuries ago, when the Papacy was busy balancing itself between the rival powers of Spain and France, and selling its friends to placate its enemies with true Italian cunning, as subtle as it was short-sighted.

We have come round, here in England, to one of our periodical stages of amiability towards what may be, without offence, described as the sentimental and histrionic aspects of the Roman establishment. The venerable head of that historic organization has written us a very long and most flattering letter, and there are among us certain impressionable and elderly good souls who are half disposed to think there is something in the idea of reunion, and are more than half inclined at least to parley affably in the gate. It will do them no harm to be reminded that Rome is not all made up of candles and ambergris, and that it has other interests besides those of the rubric and dogmatic theology. They might study the news from Hungary with profit.

NICARAGUA AND ITS PEOPLES.

FEW Englishmen have visited, or at least spent any considerable length of time in, Nicaragua. And yet it is an interesting country. The eastern zone which runs along the Mosquito coast is not exactly healthy. The rainfall is tremendous, and sometimes reaches 300 inches in the year. This, alternating with a blistering tropical sun, makes life in the Mosquito Reservation, and in those parts of Nicaragua proper which border upon the Caribbean Sea north and south of the Reservation, anything but pleasant. As a fact, it is not only injurious to Europeans but even to the natives. Greytown, which lies on the San Juan River, is supposed to be an exception; but it deserves to rank with Bluefields, the capital of the Mosquito territory, for unhealthiness. There are three parallel zones comprised within Nicaragua, each with its own peculiar characteristics and its own flora and fauna. The central zone is the most temperate and the most salubrious. It stands high, and is the most populous part of the country. There the conditions of life are very tolerable. The people are of Hispano-American blood, for the most part, and like all other peoples in Central America, incorrigibly lazy and good-natured. Although the total export trade is quite insignificant, Nicaragua is one of the richest of countries for its natural productions. There is probably no region of so low a latitude which can boast of an equal beauty and variety of scenery and production, with as great salubrity of climate—always, of course, excepting the eastern zone. The reason why its natural resources are not worked is found in the habits of the people, and in the absence of transport facilities, the latter resulting largely from the former. There is in the blood of the natives that constitutional inertia, that "born-tired" feeling, common to all American-Spanish and Mexican-Spanish races, with the single exception of the Costa Ricans. In a climate that is exceedingly enervating, it seems natural to lie down and gossip and laugh and flirt away the time. It is the same in all the towns and in all the villages—Granada, Leon, Masaya, Chinendego, and the Indian encampments around them nestled in cactus hedges, and cacao plantations. The only season of the year when the inertia disappears is the *Paseo al Mar*, the bathing season, which begins with the moon of March, when the whole population of the towns migrate for a few weeks to the Pacific coast. By this time the dry season is well advanced, the salt marshes are dried up, and the mosquitoes are all defunct. The Nicaraguans do things in quite primitive style. They do not put up at cramped and questionably-clean lodging-houses, but camp in gipsy fashion, high and low alike, for miles along the shore, and pass the time in morning bathes, round games, gallops by day, and moonlight dances by night on the yellow sands with partners of every variety of colour, down to the laughing yellow girls of the native class and the simple Indian peasant damsels of the fields. It is a sight not soon to be forgotten to witness the general rush towards the sea of carts, owners, and servants. The Government usually despatches an officer and a guard to superintend the pitching of the annual camp upon the beach, or rather upon the forest-covered sand ridge which fringes the shore. Each family rigs up its own cane hut, lightly thatched with palm trees, and floored with *petates* or mats, the whole wickered together with vines, or woven together basket-wise, and partitioned in the same way by means of coloured curtains of cotton cloth. The more luxurious ladies send down their neatly curtained beds, and make sometimes a certain show of elegance. Outside, and rather after the fashion of their permanent residences, is a kind of broad and open shed, which bears a very distinct relation to the corridor. Here hammocks are swung, the families dine, the ladies receive callers, and the men sleep. These places, of course, belong to the higher classes, the officials and the dons. The *moro* and his wife spread their blankets at the foot of a tree and the woman weaves a little bower of branches above them—a work of ten or fifteen minutes. The poorest and the laziest refuse to make even this slight exertion. They nestle in the dry sand.

The volcanoes are the most notable characteristic of the country to the ordinary observer, and in some re-

spects the most curious to the scientist. Central America appears to be the very headquarters of volcanic agency. The whole coast bristles with volcanic cones, from Mount Cartago, which is 12,000 ft. high, and is said to be the only point in America from which both oceans are visible, to the fire and water volcanoes of Guatemala and the other fiery summits still further west towards the Mexican frontier. From the city of Leon, itself built on a plain undermined by subterranean fires, fourteen active volcanoes are visible, all stretching away to the west-north-west. The "Hell of Masaya," rising black and bare from out of the forests of the small isthmus that divides the two great lakes, has gone to sleep. The crater of Momobacho overhangs Granada on one side and the lake on the other. At its foot is a cluster of some hundreds of volcanic isles, known as the Corales, which rise to the height of from 20 ft. to 100 ft. Ometepac and Madeira rise 5000 ft. on an island in Lake Nicaragua, and the first of the two is a perfect cone. The loftier sugar-loaf of Momotombo, girdled with forests almost up to its still smoking crater, rises 7000 ft. from the shore of Managua. A party of friars were once lost here while ascending the mountain for the purpose of blessing it. El Viejo lies between Leon and the Pacific. The inner walls of the crater are clothed with luxuriant pine-trees, which seem to thrive on the steaming vapours. The double-peaked Conchagua and the terrible Coseguina stand like sentinels on each side of the entrance into the Bay of Fonseca. The majority of these volcanoes give occasional evidences of activity, but it is many years since the most serious eruption—that of Coseguina—took place. There was a thick shower of hot sand and ashes for three days, which covered the whole country round, and in some places reached a depth of ten feet. It even fell at Jamaica, Vera Cruz, and Santa Fé de Bogota, over an area fifteen hundred miles in diameter. The noise of the explosion reached Belize, eight hundred miles away, and the superintendent of the place mustered his troops under the impression that there was a naval action in the outer harbour. Leon is one hundred miles distant from the volcano. At that city on the third day the darkness became intense, and the women, their heads covered with wet cloths to obviate the smothering effects of the falling dust, hurried to the churches with cries and lamentations, and tried to sing canticles to their favourite saints. The city still remembers that dreadful day, and the anniversary of it is still kept up. Some years ago, when Coseguina gave evidences of further troubles, a deputation of *vagueros* and others, living at Las Pilas, visited the Bishop of Leon and asked him to baptize the mountain! As a fact, every volcano in Nicaragua is sanctified.

A typical Central American town is Bluefields, the capital of the Mosquito Reservation. Its streets—they only run four back and then strike the forests, where Ulassas or evil spirits dwell—are narrow and clean, as a result of the rains and of the porous shell-rock nature of the pavement rather than of the care of the inhabitants. What they want in depth is made up in length, for the four streets in which dwell its fifteen hundred citizens extend for a good mile and a half along the shore. The people make up for the involuntary cleanliness of exteriors by a very willing neglect of interiors. The average one-floor chimneyless house would not commend itself to the fastidious globe-trotter. In colour the Mosquito Indians rather approximate to a mild Havana cigar. They have bananas and their equally beloved cacao trees in their gardens and all around them, growing in the greatest profusion; besides a number of other food-bearing trees and an almost infinite selection of valuable timber, which is for the most part untouched because of the trouble necessary for its felling and transport. The whole country is rich, also, in medicinal plants, in dye-woods, and in textile plants. Rubber, copper, vegetable ivory, mahogany, bananas, and dye-woods constitute practically the whole of its export trade. The Mosquito territory has the largest share, and it was doubtless this consideration which led the Nicaraguan Government to make an attack on Bluefields in the earlier part of last year, with the intention of putting an end to its independence and of appropriating its customs revenue.

THE FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS BILL.

IT is a happy fact that the law of factories and workshops is so free from a party complexion that an independent Radical can write on it, without impropriety, in an independent Conservative journal.

The Government Bill, a good deal altered from the Government Bill of 1894, deals with detail. The main principle of existing factory legislation, with its sharp distinction between textile and non-textile factories, has long since been settled, and has, indeed, been codified and again amended since codification; and Mr. Asquith is now chiefly concerned with bringing practical remedy to bear upon defects which had either been anticipated by Mr. Sydney Buxton, on behalf of the Liberal party, in the last Parliament, or which have been discovered by the present Secretary of State during his term of office in the Home Department.

The Liberal party were committed, since their opposition to Mr. Matthews' last amendments of the Factory Acts on the ground of their incompleteness, to bringing laundries more thoroughly under the Factory Acts. This, of course, is proposed by the present Bill, and arouses violent opposition, as will be shown. Mr. Asquith, at Huddersfield, had promised deputations of weavers and others connected with the woollen and worsted trades, to deal with their grievances in reference to the highly technical matter of Particulars, a promise which may be dismissed with the statements that it is proposed that clearer particulars shall be given to the workers in order that they may understand the principles upon which their wage is calculated, and that private members will urge, on behalf of the West Riding Textile Workers' Association, that these particulars should be made clearer still. Mr. Sydney Buxton had proposed in the last Parliament, probably not without the advice of such skilled friends of the Trades Union movement as Mr. Sidney Webb, to amend the law with regard to sweating; and it is at this point that what is supposed to be a main defect of the present Bill should be noted. The London tailors insist, with much force, that full effect has not been given to the recommendations of the Sweating Committee of the House of Lords, nor to those of the Labour Commission, and that Mr. Sydney Buxton, who has, it is understood, taken part in the preparation of the present Bill, seems to have somewhat receded from his former advanced views upon this point, by admitting the crudeness or impracticability of some of the proposals with which his name had been connected. Mr. Broadhurst is going to propose the extension to non-textile factories of some of the textile portions of the existing law; an excellent thing, although resistance will be experienced if it is attempted to rapidly carry the process of amalgamation and extension very far. Mr. Burns and Sir John Gorst will be active in discouraging the employment of half-timers and in promoting the raising of the age of first employment among children. Of the matters which have been named above there remain for more detailed consideration the anti-sweating provisions and the subject of laundries, and there also remains the great question of women's overtime. No serious attempt is likely to be made in the present Bill to limit the hours of labour of adult males. Those who are, like myself, of opinion that the time has come when a beginning may be made, with national advantage, in this direction, prefer to raise the question on the Miners Eight Hours Bill, and by other separate measures, rather than to incur certain defeat by mixing it up with mere amendment of the existing factory laws, from which the subject has been carefully excluded. It is the case, however, that at one or two points the fringe of the question will be touched. The Bill further limits the work of male young persons at night in non-textile factories; and the compromise is suggested by some of the tinplate manufacturers and tinplate workers, and by some manufacturers in other trades, that they should give up twelve-hour night shifts and come under a compulsory limitation to eight-hour night shifts. I believe that Mr. Asquith will be driven to make some concession to the views of the night-working trades. An amendment which stands in my name establishes for non-textile factories a weekly half-holiday, beginning at 2 p.m., for children, young persons, and women; and Mr. Byles has a clause which would

extend this half-holiday principle to men in the textile trades. Few men, however, work on Saturday afternoons in textile factories, which are mostly closed on Saturday afternoons in consequence of the restriction on the labour of women, young persons, and children, who form the bulk of their workers. But some of the wool-combers of the West Riding, though by no means all, are employed on Saturday afternoon, and their desire is to call in legislation to support the already partly successful endeavours of their union at generalizing the Saturday half-holiday. This, so far as it goes, is an interference with adult male labour.

As regards laundries, there is opposition from some of the laundry proprietors to coming under the Bill. There is also opposition from a number of middle-class ladies, mostly engaged in the woman-franchise movement, who suggest that the regulation of the hours of women in laundries will tend to throw the trade more largely into the hands of men, and there is the opposition of semi-public establishments and of convents. I do not believe that the opinion of the laundry proprietors or of the suffrage ladies is likely to prevail in the Grand Committee or in the House of Commons, as against the opinion of the women workers themselves, which has been ascertained through the unions consisting of or containing women, and by the visits of the inspectors and the questions addressed by them to the unorganized women workers. Neither do I think it probable that any exemption can be offered to those semi-public institutions and those convents which compete in the market with ordinary laundries, and carry on washing work on a large scale for gain. The religious difficulty of the Roman Catholics must be met; and it will, it is submitted, be sufficiently met by the enactment that convents shall be inspected only by women inspectors. To this a compromise might possibly be added, that so far as is possible the services of women inspectors of the Roman Catholic faith will be utilized for the purpose. The convents already draw distinctions, I believe, for certain objects between the strictly conventual and the less strictly conventual parts of their establishments; and the curtilage of the factory might be so defined as to constitute a separate curtilage from that of the convent, and the inspectors might be forbidden to enter the latter. It ought not to be above the ingenuity of the Grand Committee to discover some means of meeting all that is reasonable in the views of the Roman Catholics.

The question of women's overtime is one upon which there is a gathering of the clans. In Lancashire there has been a union with regard to it of some of the manufacturers with some of the women-suffrage party. In London there is a union between those who are commonly called the defenders of liberty and property and those who continue to hold the views which most of us held in the time of Professor Fawcett on the subject of further restrictions upon women's labour. Many of us have been converted by the strong opinion of the women-workers themselves, but those who have been less closely connected with their unions still hold the doctrine which we held in former days. The only member of the House of Commons who has yet very strongly expressed these views in Parliament felt himself obliged to say that, if it were shown to him that the women-workers were against his view, he should withdraw from it. Now, I have made it my business to ascertain the views of the whole of the organized women-workers of the United Kingdom. The views of the unorganized are, I believe, the same; and, for a confirmation of this opinion, I rely upon the virtual unanimity of the factory inspectors who have questioned them, and who declare that the women themselves are opposed to women's overtime, which is also to be denounced for reasons of health, and because legal overtime leads in almost every trade to illegal overtime, which is a fruitful source of evil. Mr. Asquith's Bill proposes to abolish overtime in the case of young persons, and to further limit it in the case of women; and we shall propose to abolish overtime in the case of women, in which we may be beaten. We shall then have to support Mr. Asquith in his middle course, and the struggle will be removed to the House of Lords. We have behind us the opinion of all but a few score of the organized trade-union women, who number slightly over 100,000; and the inspectors tell us that we have also behind us an equally overwhelming proportion

of all women workers. After all, the inspectors and the women workers are better judges in this question than the women-suffrage ladies, who are, I think, using it for the purpose of showing that necessity of extending the franchise to women in which personally, for other reasons, I concur.

There remains the question of sweating, which greatly interests the London trades. It is hardly necessary to explain the evils that exist at present in the systems of giving-out work and sub-contracting. They have been fully detailed in the evidence before the Lords Committee, in that before the Labour Commission, and in the annual report of the Chief Inspector of Factories. Mr. Cohen, speaking as the representative of a constituency from which a good deal of work is given out, fully admitted the evils in the House of Commons in last week's debate. The Government propose a partial remedy in Clause 5 of the Bill. But, in order to enforce the proposed law, it is necessary to prove that the place to which the work is given out "is injurious or dangerous" to health. At the present moment some large tailoring firms in London are in the habit of satisfying themselves as to the sanitary condition of the places where their work is done. Mr. Sydney Buxton formerly proposed, as I now propose, that this practice should be generalized by law. It is contended by Mr. Asquith, and by Mr. Buxton himself, that, as work is given out to very distant places, it is difficult to insist on such an improvement of the law as has been suggested by the Sweating Commission, by Mr. Buxton's Bill of the last Parliament, or by my Amendment. I try to meet this difficulty by giving the Home Secretary certain powers of exemption; but there are other plans of dealing with the matter. The States of Massachusetts and New York, several of the Australian Colonies, and the Colony of New Zealand, have a system for the registration and license of all places to which work is given out to be done; and Mr. W. Allen, Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme, has moved amendments for the introduction into our legislation of this New Zealand system. It is understood that the Home Office have had under consideration a scheme by which all places to which work is given out to be done would be licensed by the inspectorate of factories on the payment of a small fee, the licence to be countersigned by the local authority after visit to the spot. It is very probable that, when we reach the Registration clause, the Government may propose some improvement in this direction. They will not, however, apparently be supported by the majority of the Grand Committee in going very far. The Irish members are frightened at the effect that restrictions upon sweating may have upon the cottage industries of Donegal and other parts of Ireland, and may be relied upon to support the Conservative party in their opposition to what is styled "over-legislation."

The only other subject upon which there is likely to be a hard fight on the Grand Committee is with regard to the dangerous-trades clause, which gives to the Home Secretary large powers of interference in the case of such trades as chromate of potash making, and the industries connected with lead; but the clause is likely to be opposed by those who object to the abolition of women's overtime.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

LAST WORDS AT WESTMINSTER.

I AM afraid I cannot carry on these Westminster papers. For one thing, they take up a good deal of time. Not so much, that is, in the mere act of writing them, as in the preparations and preliminaries. You have got to listen pretty closely to the debates, generally very dreary, yet breaking out, from time to time, into the interesting or even the sensational on incalculable occasions. Then you must mix among the men of both sides in lobbies, at dinner, in the smoking- and reading-rooms. And after all is done, you must master the *Times* report next day. All this means time and trouble. That, however, I do not grudge. The work is interesting, and repays the doing of it. The difficulty I feel is the continued prelecting of a democratic improvisatore to a Conservative audience. There is a trifle of the impudent about the situation, and one does not want that. You would rather be

done with it altogether than be continually braving it out. It takes too much out of you, and that is what makes one glad to get out of it here and now. Not that Conservatism and Democracy are irreconcilable. You are in for democracy whether you like it or not. But of course, as one of the "people," you may push what ideas you please. There will be a Conservative Democracy and a Revolutionary Democracy, and enough of controversial possibilities between them to set up two or more Parliamentary parties or groups.

Look, for instance, at this Coburg business. The "Labby" lot, of course, went for the £10,000 a year. If you see a Duke, hit him, is gospel enough for this type of Radical, and they have "black-listed" all those of us who supported the Government in thinking that a bargain is a bargain. Of course the provision of this made a good many men vote with Alpheus of Peterborough, who would not otherwise have done so. They have the poorest opinion possible of the "people," while maintaining their only right to rule. Well, I do not hold this view. I do not deny that among the "people" there are too many of the *tête-montée* pattern, as there are in every other sphere of life. But there is also a very powerful percentage of level-headed men, who know the difference between sense and nonsense, and are not prepared to throw away the interests of themselves and their families at the bidding of the first demagogue that comes along. Now there was and is a good deal of demagoguery about the anti-Coburg vote. It has been very unskillfully managed, and anybody with an eye to mischief can get as much of his object out of it as he desires to. But any one who will take the trouble to explain to his constituency the difficulties of the situation may rely upon reasonable treatment. The black list threat will fail, as it deserves. It is a petty device to begin with, and it commits the capital mistake of assuming that the "people" will always be actuated by the shabbiest motives, and will not listen to reason when reason is presented to them.

Moreover, this anti-Coburg business reveals the secret of the weakness of the Parliamentary Radicalism of these latter days. The Peterborough school of political thought is continually breaking down and showing itself ineffectual, simply because there is really no political or other "thought" in it. "Labbyism" is a poor and wretched business, destitute of ideas, and appealing only to popular ignorance and meanness of impulse. Nibbling at the Royal Rat-catcher and docking the pay of the Buckingham Palace Stop-cock is very feeble work, yet it is the best that Peterborough or Northampton leadership can do for us. The truth is, modern Parliamentary Radicalism is afraid to face its own music. Right or wrong, there are vast conceptions in present-day Democracy that might well give origin to high and splendid debate and action; but the so-called Democratic section of the House, or even of the so-called Liberal Party, when brought to book or other test, bookish or practical, dwindles away down to nothing, or some contemptible make-believe which is worse than nothing. What a field, for instance, might not "democracy" have asserted for itself in the sand agriculture of Welsh ecclesiasticism that is being prosecuted in the name of the British people. Yet it does nothing. It leaves the discussion to proceed upon the lines of pounds, shillings, and pence, and whether Monmouth belongs to Wales, and whether Ashmead-Bartlett is of as old an English family as George Russell, or is an Englishman at all, or a born Yankee, &c.

In such a dearth of high or broad topics it is not surprising that our enterprising and persevering friend, good old Stanley Leighton, should have come to the front in a peculiar if not fascinating fashion. On a question of Macedon, or any subject associable therewith, I should hesitate about Stanley's hegemony; but on the point of Monmouth I should imagine his *facile-princepsism* would hardly be disputed. For a whole day this House seemed as if it were a department of the Royal Geographical Society; and the question whether Monmouth belonged to Wales or to England, and how far that question was affected by various transactions of Henry VIII., or even Henry V., were raised into matters of vital moment, involving occasionally the historical authority of Shakespeare himself. In these high if dubiously relevant controversies, Stanley acquitted him-

self with astonishing distinction. Generally speaking, when Stanley rises, our people, and not ours only, take the opportunity to depart, but in this matter of Monmouth the fact was otherwise. Whether he held us with his glittering eye, or with some other adequate if inscrutable influence, it were bootless to inquire; but there the fact was, that those of us who had not gone already, stayed while Stanley poured forth a torrent of Monmouth lore entirely new and utterly appalling.

My own private impression is that he must have buried himself for weeks in the MSS. Department of the British Museum and dug out Monmouth to the very foundation. Nothing else will account for the plenitude and power of his deliverances in the matter. Personally I admit the distinct force to which Stanley rose in this branch of Parliamentary erudition. I recollect having to leave the House about 5 p.m. while our dear friend was talking Monmouth by the ream. I was unable to return until 10.45, but when I got back, there he was still, or again, hard at work on Henry V., only armed additionally with nearly a dozen huge MSS., original or copy, with which he occasionally indicated a design of out-Monmouthing an already hypermonmouthed House. *Toujours* Stanley, I must say, struck me in a painful way; yet I began to acquire a renewed interest in Welsh archæology as the lecturer went streaming on, with a twinkle in his eye which seemed to me to indicate that he was not, after all, unconscious of the little game he was up to.

And I am glad herewith to conclude these all too perfunctory lucubrations with a tribute of gratitude to the audience which has listened to me so patiently.

R. WALLACE.

THE SALON AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Société des Artistes Français has succeeded in bringing together some two thousand paintings in the new Salon at the Champs-Élysées, but not a single picture which in any sense can be called a great or even memorable work of fine art. A national exhibition of French art, in which a painting by Mr. Orchardson is able to produce a distinguished impression, to leave with the spectator a sense of style, of refinement, of the lighter graces of good painting, leads the critic to speculate whether, after all, the exhibition is really concerned with fine art, or whether its real aim is to provide a popular show, in which every mediocre taste may find its liking. The most typical picture in the Salon is, perhaps, M. Jean-Paul Laurens' vast canvas of "La Muraille: 1218" (No. 1097), in which cleverness and superficial accomplishment are carried to their utmost limit. It is this cleverness, this superficial accomplishment, which is everywhere present in the galleries of the Champs-Élysées. Whether we turn to the faultless commonplace of M. Bouguereau, or to the works of the innumerable imitators of M. Gustave Moreau, or of the Barbizon school, or whether we turn to the endless paintings of the nude of orthodox kind, or to the works of the *plein air* school, with their purple shadows and emerald-green grass, the same cleverness, the same superficial accomplishment, assert and reassert themselves in an endless round of platitude. It is this superficial cleverness which becomes so wearisome, because it is radically incompatible with the elaboration necessary to real design and to the finer and subtler qualities of art. The accomplishment of Rembrandt or Velasquez may be enigmatical, but it is not clever; the accomplishment of the great Italians is often naïvely simple. Consider, for a moment, the work of the one living French painter whose art could with any degree of propriety be compared to that of the great masters of the Renaissance, the work of M. Puvis de Chavannes: how entirely and absolutely free are all his designs from the least suspicion of such cleverness!

We must confess that we turn from the Exhibition at the Salon to that of the Royal Academy with a sense of relief. English art, as we see it here, is no doubt less vivacious, but it is, also, less vulgar than at Paris: the life and fashions of the hour are not reflected in the pictures at the Royal Academy with the same veracity and completeness as they are in the pictures at the Salon. Certainly, the spirit of the Paris of to-day, more democratic than ever, more entirely given over to the popular

pleasures of the hour, and less careful of the finer and more serious arts of life, is unmistakably reflected in the galleries at the Champs-Élysées. But what is most amusing in life is not always most pleasing in art; and the tamer, duller atmosphere of the Royal Academy proves in the end, if not more artistic, at least less tedious, than the untiring cleverness and bourgeois gaieties of the Champs-Élysées.

Goethe, among his utterances on art, has one of those prophetic sayings which gather meaning for us as they go. "Productions are now possible," he says, "which, without being bad, have no value. They have no value because they contain nothing; and they are not bad, because a general form of good workmanship is present to the author's mind." What a terrible indictment is here against such popular exhibitions as those in question! We do not say that less fine work is done to-day than in other ages of the world: "all ages," says Blake, "are equal." But we do say that there is far more mediocre work, work "which, without being bad, has no value," that there are far more paintings of this kind done to-day than have ever been done before in the world's history. Of that vast mass of mediocre work, the Salon is the chief exhibition in France, and the Royal Academy in England: only with this difference, that in England the general average of this work is less tiresome, less vulgar, than in France. At the Academy, moreover, there are a few fine or interesting things, while at the Salon there is little in the way of painting which possesses either fineness or interest. If we except M. Gérôme's two pictures, "La prière dans la mosquée Caid-Bey" (Caire), (No. 822), and "Mendacibus et histri- onibus occisa in puteo jacta alma Veritas," No. 823, which have undoubted beauties of the limited kind familiar to all who know his work, if we except these two masterly little pictures, we must acknowledge, that in the interminable wilderness of clever works in the galleries of the Salon we could discover no single painting of any real distinction. Nor is the number of such works in the Academy much greater: the names of Mr. Watts and Mr. Sargent are the most noticeable; Sir J. E. Millais sends one remarkable picture; and in that brief enumeration we have included all that is especially memorable.

So long as the name of Mr. G. F. Watts occurs among those of the Academicians, it is difficult to speak of the Royal Academy otherwise than with respect. The detractors of Mr. Watts' work may urge many things in support of their opinions, and chiefly, perhaps, that his aim in painting appears sometimes to be more didactic than the aim of good painting should allow; but that, throughout a long life, he has consistently approached art as an artist, that he has always concerned himself with the finer and severer qualities of painting, that he alone among our living artists has attempted, with any measured success, to deal with the problems of monumental art, cannot be denied. Let us turn to the four pictures which Mr. Watts sends to the present exhibition of the Academy: they are not works of great importance; and the most ambitious of them is, in some respects, the least pleasing. "Jonah" preaching in Nineveh (147), is one of those pictures in which the purpose of the subject would seem a little to outweigh the beauty of the design; yet it is painted with all that sense of breadth and quality of colour which lend to his picture of "Love and Life" in the Luxembourg its peculiar distinction among not a few distinguished works of modern art. The drawing of "The Lady Mount-Temple" (No. 1334) is, however, an admirable example of Mr. Watts' last manner. That unobtrusive tenderness, which he has realized with so much charm in many pictures of recent years, is there conveyed with great delicacy and individuality of handling: it is something of the sweetness which Time distills from strong natures; *ex forti dulcedo*. Another painting by Mr. Watts, "The Outcast: Goodwill" (No. 258), hangs beside Mr. Alma Tadema's elaborate painting "Spring" (No. 262), and a comparison of the two pictures is not without interest, or, perhaps, instruction. In no single picture in the present Academy are so many fine qualities to be found as in this picture of "The Outcast"; qualities of design and treatment, of the decorative uses of form and colour, of fine taste and fine interest; but what is chiefly remarkable in this

painting, as it hangs by the side of the "Spring," is the way in which all mere detail, all mere qualities of expression, are subordinated to the principal conception and design. In Mr. Alma Tadema's picture, on the other hand, as in all that Mr. Tadema does, the subject has been chosen and elaborated only with the view of displaying an endless array of microscopic detail. The quiet dignity, the careful selection, the breadth and simplicity, the historical truth, which give to the works of the great Dutch painters of *genre* their lasting value, are here entirely wanting. Mr. Tadema's picture really contains nothing but what lies, on the surface, scattered through its mass of detail. The love of broken lights and confused forms, the archaeological accuracy shown in the dresses and architecture, serve only to emphasize the modern spirit in which the scene is conceived, and to draw attention to the type and pose of the figures. Of Roman life, Mr. Tadema shows us nothing; but of the museum and the model, much and admirably. Not that we would under-rate at all his skill as a workman, which is, in its way, extraordinary, and unequalled by that of any living English artist; yet we would distinguish between what is merely skilful and what is truly artistic. Mr. Tadema's skill is radically of an order which is often to be found at the Royal Academy; it differs from the skill, say, of Mr. Frith at his best, in its more elaborate accomplishment, in its mastery of light and shade, in its greater concern with the external prettiness of things, and in its semblance of culture which passes with people who are not really cultured for that rare gift: but on the other hand, the method of Mr. Tadema resembles that of Mr. Frith in its preoccupation with mere detail, and in its entire disregard of all the greater qualities of art. Yet how many artists, who exhibit at the Royal Academy, might not be found to have a common footing on those grounds? Is it not even true of Mr. Brett, whose paintings so admirably illustrate at once both the sincerity and absurdity of his recent utterances about the Old Masters? Indeed, how many exhibitors at the Academy, judging from their works, would not be found to cherish similar opinions, had they but the courage to know and declare themselves as Mr. Brett has done!

But this kind of skill, if it is not more artistic, is at least less vulgar and pretentious than that which passes current in Paris at the Champs-Élysées. It is English, if you please, painstaking and respectable; it generally goes with finer interests and less frivolous aims; and it is more tolerable in the thousand paintings at the Academy than the interminable Parisian cleverness and vulgarity are in the two thousand paintings at the Salon. Of vulgarity at the Academy there is fortunately but little. Mr. Herkomer is the arch-offender that way, and his vulgarities are those rather of treatment than of subject. His large canvas of "The Bürgermeister of Landsberg, Bavaria, with his Town Council" (No. 436), reveals a crudeness and poverty of composition which bring the general want of taste and coarse handling of the picture into unpleasant prominence. Set beside it some picture by a great artist, designed with a similar intention, some conversation piece contrived for the introduction of a series of male portraits, "The Syndics" of Rembrandt, for example, and the same sensations evoked are not altogether unlike those which would be called up were we to set a novel by Mr. Hall Caine beside a novel by Thackeray. Mr. Herkomer draws his portraits as Mr. Hall Caine the heroes of his melodramas, with the same assertiveness, the same coarse exaggerations, the same disregard of character, of every fine, subtle, or even forcible trait; and they both enjoy the same kind of popularity.

Of mere cleverness there is, unfortunately, a tendency to be an increase at the Academy during the last few years, and by far the most distinguished of its younger members is not always without some suspicion of it. Mr. Sargent's portrait of "Coventry Patmore, Esq." (No. 172), is unquestionably the most able piece of painting in the present exhibition; and it is not, perhaps, until we come to look at the sketch for this picture (No. 737), which hangs in another room, that we fully realize how this element of cleverness coming in, just destroys the fineness of the picture, both as a piece of painting and as a portrait. The sketch would be difficult to over-praise. More subtle in form and colour, and less assertive in manner than the finished picture, it is an admirable

likeness, and an astonishingly accomplished piece of work. Owing to its nature as a sketch, we do not feel here what is the one limitation in Mr. Sargent's otherwise admirable portrait, "W. Graham Robertson, Esq." (No. 503), an inability to make the spectator forget the mere medium of the paint. In colour, this larger portrait is especially fine and silvery; could Mr. Sargent but bring himself to acquire some greater subtlety, some richer quality in his brush-work, his place as a great portrait-painter would be unquestionable.

There is one other picture to which a passing notice is due, Sir J. E. Millais' painting, "Speak! Speak!" (No. 251), which, both in subject and in treatment, recalls one of his very finest works, "St. Agnes' Eve." Had Sir John Millais always painted as he painted that picture, "it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

MR. BISPHAM'S CONCERT, AND OTHERS.

WHEN Mr. David Bispham hires St. James's Hall, engages artists, and issues tickets and programmes, the result is less a concert than a festivity. As at Mr. Schulz-Curtius's concerts, success is in the air: one knows that everything will go off charmingly and without a hitch. Mr. Bispham does nothing to dispel the enchantment. The common afternoon concert-giver dreads his audience, and proclaims his anxiety with emphasis by the ghastly smile wherewith he (as it were) veneers his woebegone countenance. Mr. Bispham mounts the platform steps with the air of a conqueror—not an overbearing conqueror, rather a conqueror who is flattered when the public comes to see him triumph, but a conqueror for all that. Perhaps this is because he knows and believes in his public, and feels he is amongst friends. Certainly his public knows and believes in him, and they could not bestow their faith better. There was a time when one could not say with truth of Mr. Bispham, as one may with truth say now, that he is the greatest baritone before the public. He began his career unobtrusively some years ago, singing with Sims Reeves and other artistic inferiors in the provinces, and only occasionally appearing in London. Even then his voice was beautifully soft and sympathetic, and he sang with unique intelligence; but at times the soft quality showed a tendency to degenerate into smugness, the voice was lacking in resonance and carrying power, the intelligence was a good deal too evident. One felt the singing to be "clever," and to say this of an art-work is to say the artist has something to learn. Mr. Bispham learnt that something. After his astonishing feat of singing the part of Kurvenal at Covent Garden at a few hours' notice, he began to make equally astonishing strides in his art. His voice acquired "ring," he learnt how to make it carry, above all he learnt how to hide every sign of mere cleverness. No living singer puts more sheer brain power into his work, none sings with more apparent artlessness. Ah Sin, so to speak, is not in the running with Mr. Bispham; and when one remembers how few artists of any kind are in the running with Ah Sin, it will be seen that this is a very high compliment. On Tuesday Mr. Bispham came on to the platform at St. James's Hall, "and his smile it was childlike and bland," and he put some of Brahms's best songs upon a music-desk and sang them divinely; and when he was finished he closed the music as though he did not know that he looked like a curate saying "Here ends the second lesson." And the audience nearly became riotous in their joy, as well they might, for though Mr. Bispham sang as one who improvised while rapt in far-away visions of unearthly beauty, it was all pure art, and the audience knew it. He sang—and always sings—as though the spirit of the composer had entered into him, whereas the truth is that Mr. Bispham always enters into the spirit of the composer. On Tuesday one only regretted that the singer who has the greatest range of artistic sympathies and the widest emotional gamut of our time, should have given us nothing but Brahms, who, after all, is not infinite in variety. But there seems to be a reaction against the hodge-podge or Philharmonic type of programme: we are all after unity (with due variety) nowadays. It is hard to say whether that is best, attained by a limited number of artists, say two, performing a variety of pieces, or by a variety of artists performing pieces by a limited

number of composers, say one. Mr. Bispham chose the latter plan, and we dare not grumble. Variety he had in the artists who were anxious to sing and play for him, and if his search after too obvious unity showed him to be essentially modern, on the other hand he showed himself a perfect artist in all he sang. And when we have a great artist we must thankfully accept him as he is.

Really, unless Mr. Dolmetsch takes the greatest care he will presently become a popular man. Quite recently he gave some concerts of old music, with literary explanations, at the Salle Erard and Queen's Hall; now he is giving a series of lectures, with musical illustrations, at the Royal Institution; and the unmusical—or rather, non-musical—audience that flocks to the lectures is even more enthusiastic than the section of the musical public that crowded to Queen's Hall and the Salle Erard. It was not a little stimulating to watch the antics of the old stagers who, as a matter of course, are interested in argon and the temperament of the amœba, but who are certainly not expected to take an interest in a mere musical exhibition. They sat with open eyes and mouths, taking in Mr. Dolmetsch's speculations, theories, and statements of fact concerning harpsichords, clavichords, and viols, as though these instruments had just been distilled in a retort, or brought from a newly discovered planet; and while Miss Hélène Dolmetsch played the viol da gamba with all the artistic delicacy we expect from her, they followed her every movement with half-incredulous admiration, as though they asked, Is she real? And they applauded with refreshing schoolboyish enthusiasm after each "illustration" given us by Miss Dolmetsch, Mr. Douglas Powell, Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch, and the lecturer. If Mr. Dolmetsch can so stir up these scientific folk there is no saying what he may do with ordinary people who are not preoccupied with the amœba, or the extent of Professor Dewar's acquaintance with recent German research. Of course the very nature of Mr. Dolmetsch's enterprise excludes both concerts and success on a Handel Festival scale; but we shall not be surprised to find the small Queen's Hall packed to the ceiling when Mr. Mayer arranges another series of "Dolmetsch" concerts, which we pray him to do speedily. The Royal Institution lectures are not very different from the Queen's Hall concerts. At the one Mr. Dolmetsch talks and plays, at the other he plays and talks; and at one and the other alike he takes his audience charmingly, irresistibly, into his confidence about his rare old music-books, and is prettily scornful of the "authorities," who declare that no one can do upon the harpsichord what Mr. Dolmetsch immediately sits down at the harpsichord and does. On Saturday last the subject was the old French composers (to-day the Italians get their turn). Mr. Douglas Powell, who deserves a place amongst the "best dozen" baritones of Europe, sang songs by various French kings, and Du Fresnoy's "A mille soins jaloux," with wonderful sympathy and appreciation of the old-world feeling; and Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch played some harpsichord pieces by Couperin with daintiness of colour, piquancy of rhyme, and quite remarkable freedom from the nervous scrambling that ruined the playing of some of Mr. Dolmetsch's previous harpsichordists—especially those of the male sex. The only fear we have now is that there may be a craze for these old instruments. Mr. Dolmetsch's price for a clavichord is, we believe, only one quarter the price of a piano of equal quality, and now that his workshop is conveniently situated on the classic ground of Queen's Square, we are much afraid that every West-end dame with the smallest pretensions to culture will run thither to complete the furnishing of her drawing-room.

When Mr. Willie Burmester recently played the violin at one of Mr. Henschel's concerts, his virtuoso feats were truly astounding, but for two reasons we deferred going into raptures until we heard him again. The new censor may judge of the morality of a whole play, as is said, by reading the first page; there have been enthusiastic critics who in their first fine careless rapture declared that when Patti sang, the opening notes showed that the last notes, and all the notes between, would be miracles of beauty; but the error into which nearly the whole Press fell with regard to Messrs. Paderewski and Sauer proved that this faculty of critical prophecy breaks down when tried on instrumental musicians. Thinking of our

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brothers who fell before, we were, in Mr. Burmester's case, inclined to be cautious; and that inclination was strengthened by the German Press notices (favourable, very) which Mr. Burmester brought with him. We are annually invaded by enough mediocrities to choke the Thames if we treated them as some people wish, and as every mediocrity, even Miss Marie Wurm, has a budget of favourable opinions expressed by the leading Berlin critics, it would seem that the leading Berlin critics are complaisant, and one becomes suspicious of any artist whose reputation, like the new compositions played by Mottl, is stamped "Made in Germany," or at least, "Made in Berlin." Mr. Burmester, however, has fairly earned his reputation. Had he fiddled five hundred years ago as he fiddles to-day, he would undoubtedly have been hung for a wizard. He seems master of every technical feat. On Monday evening he played a nonsensical thing by Paganini (who had an excuse for writing it) and an equally nonsensical thing by Saint-Saëns (who had no excuse), and though we cannot say that he out-Paganinied Paganini—for we do not share the vivid remembrance of the weird violinist which is apparently possessed by many of our colleagues who were not weaned when he died—yet we can vouch that he played as if his instrument were afflicted with seven hundred and seventy-seven devils. It seemed incredible that any mere human being could pull out those marvellously accurate octaves, scales in thirds and sixths, harmonics and hailstorms of pizzicato notes. In the Paganini piece he gave us the identical melody (in harmonics) that enticed the rats into the Weser, and in the Saint-Saëns thing he all but made one's flesh creep. It was only when Mr. Burmester came to an Air by Bach which he had, perhaps inadvertently, set down on his programme, that one felt that though by being born five hundred years too late he escapes hanging for a wizard, he should not escape pretty severe punishment for a more modern offence. The player who is capable only of virtuosos feats may be excused if he does nothing else; but the artist who can play with the poignant expression Mr. Burmester put into that Air of Bach ought not to defile himself by touching Paganini and Saint-Saëns. It is a case of artistic suicide to which the public prosecutor's attention should be drawn. Whether, however, Mr. Burmester ultimately chooses the higher path or not, the fact remains that as a wonder-creating violinist he outstrips all his competitors.

MR. IRVING TAKES PAREGORIC.

"Bygones." By A. W. Pinero. "A Story of Waterloo." By A. Conan Doyle. "A Chapter from Don Quixote." By the late W. G. Wills. Lyceum Theatre, 4 May, 1895.

IT was Mr. Grant Allen, I think, who familiarized us with the fact that all attempts to sustain our conduct at a higher level than is natural to us produce violent reactions. Was there not a certain African divine, the Reverend Mr. Creedy, who tamed the barbarian within him and lived the higher life of the Caledonian Road for a while, only to end by "going Fantee" with a vengeance? This liability to reaction is a serious matter for the actor—not, perhaps, for the actor of villains, who becomes by reaction the most amiable of men in private life, but certainly for the actor of heroes, who is occasionally to be found off the stage in a state of very violent reaction indeed. But there are some actors—not many, but some—who have solid private characters which stand like rocks in the midst of the ebb and tide of their stage emotions; and in their case the reaction must take place in their art itself. Such men, when they have to be unnaturally dignified on the stage, cannot relieve themselves by being ridiculous in private life, since the good sense of their private characters makes that impossible to them. When they can bear it no longer, they must make themselves ridiculous on the stage or burst. No actor suffers from the tyranny of this grotesque necessity more than Mr. Irving. His career, ever since he became a heroic actor, has been studded by relapses into the most impish buffoonery. I remember years ago going into the Lyceum Theatre under the impression that I was about to witness a performance of "Richard III." After one act of that tragedy, how-

ever, Mr. Irving relapsed into an impersonation of Alfred Jingle. He concealed piles of sandwiches in his hat; so that when he afterwards raised it to introduce himself as "Alfred Jingle, Esq., of No Hall, Nowhere," a rain of ham and bread descended on him. He knelt on the stage on one knee and seated Miss Pouncefort (the spinster aunt) on the other, and then upset himself and her, head over heels. He beat a refractory horse with a bandbox; inked the glimpses of shirt that appeared through the holes in his coat; and insulted all the other characters by turning their coats back with the idiotic remark, "From the country, sir?" He was not acting: nothing less like the scenes created by Dickens could possibly have been put on the stage. He was simply taking his revenge on Shakespeare and himself for months of sustained dignity. Later on we had the same phenomenon repeated in his Robert Macaire. There was, and, I suppose, still is in the market a version of that little melodrama by Mr. Henley and the late Louis Stevenson which was full of literary distinction; but Mr. Irving stuck to the old third-class version, which gave him unlimited scope for absurdity. He made one or two memorable effects in it: a more horribly evil-looking beast of prey than his Macaire never crossed the stage; and I can recall a point or two where the feeling produced was terrible. But what Mr. Irving enjoyed, and obviously what attracted him in the business, was rushing Mr. Weedon Grossmith upstairs by the back of the neck, breaking plates on his stomach, standing on a barrel boyishly pretending to play the fiddle, singing a chanson to an accompaniment improvised by himself on an old harpsichord, and, above all—for here his glee attained its climax—inadvertently pulling a large assortment of stolen handkerchiefs out of his pocket whilst explaining matters to the police officer, and clinching his account by throwing one into his hat, which, having no crown, allowed it to fall through to the floor. This alternation of the grotesque, the impish, the farcical, with the serious and exalted, is characteristic of the nineteenth century. Goethe anticipated it in his Faust and Mephistopheles, obviously two sides of the same character; and it was in the foolish travesty of "Faust" perpetrated by Wills that Mr. Irving found a part in which he could be melodramatic actor, mocker, and buffoon all in one evening. Since then he has had a trying time of it. Becket on top of Wolsey was enough to provoke a graver man to go Fantee; and Lear followed Becket. But when King Arthur capped Lear, all of us who knew Mr. Irving's constitution felt that a terrific reaction must be imminent. It has come in the shape of Don Quixote, in which he makes his own dignity ridiculous to his heart's content. He rides a slim white horse, made up as Rozinante with painted hollows just as a face is made up; he has a set of imitation geese wagging on springs to mistake for swans; he tumbles about the stage with his legs in the air; and he has a single combat, on refreshingly indecorous provocation, with a pump. And he is perfectly happy. I am the last person in the world to object; for I, too, have something of that aboriginal need for an occasional carnival in me. When he came before the curtain at the end, he informed us, with transparent good faith, that the little play practically covered the whole of Cervantes' novel, a statement which we listened to with respectful stupefaction. I get into trouble often enough by my ignorance of authors whom every literate person is expected to have at his fingers' ends; but I believe Mr. Irving can beat me hollow in that respect. If I have not read Don Quixote all through, I have at least looked at the pictures; and I am prepared to swear that Mr. Irving never got beyond the second chapter.

Any one who consults recent visitors to the Lyceum, or who seeks for information in the Press as to the merits of Mr. Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo," will in nineteen cases out of twenty learn that the piece is a trifle raised into importance by the marvellous acting of Mr. Irving as Corporal Gregory Brewster. As a matter of fact, the entire effect is contrived by the author, and is due to him alone. There is absolutely no acting in it—none whatever. There is a make-up in it, and a little cheap and simple mimicry which Mr. Irving does indifferently because he is neither apt nor observant as a mimic of doddering old men, and because his finely cultivated voice and diction again and again rebel against

the indignity of the Corporal's squeakings and mumbings and vulgarities of pronunciation. But all the rest is an illusion produced by the machinery of "a good acting play," by which is always meant a play that requires from the performers no qualifications beyond a plausible appearance and a little experience and address in stage business. I had better make this clear by explaining the process of doing without acting as exemplified by "A Story of Waterloo," in which Mr. Conan Doyle has carried the art of constructing an "acting" play to such an extreme that I almost suspect him of satirically revenging himself, as a literary man, on a profession which has such a dread of "literary plays." (A "literary play," I should explain, is a play that the actors have to act, in opposition to the "acting play," which acts them.)

Before the curtain rises, you read the playbill; and the process commences at once with the suggestive effect on your imagination of "Corporal Gregory Brewster, age eighty-six, a Waterloo veteran," of "Nora Brewster, the corporal's grandniece," and of "Scene—Brewster's lodgings." By the time you have read that, your own imagination, with the author pulling the strings, has done half the work you afterwards give Mr. Irving credit for. Up goes the curtain; and the lodgings are before you, with the humble breakfast table, the cheery fire, the old man's spectacles and bible, and a medal hung up in a frame over the chimneypiece. Lest you should be unobservant enough to miss the significance of all this, Miss Annie Hughes comes in with a basket of butter and bacon, ostensibly to impersonate the grandniece, really to carefully point out all these things to you, and to lead up to the entry of the hero by preparing breakfast for him. When the background is sufficiently laid in by this artifice, the drawing of the figure commences. Mr. Fuller Mellish enters in the uniform of a modern artillery sergeant, with a breech-loading carbine. You are touched: here is the young soldier come to see the old—two figures from the Seven Ages of Man. Miss Hughes tells Mr. Mellish all about Corporal Gregory. She takes down the medal, and makes him read aloud to her the press-cutting pasted beside it which describes the feat for which the medal was given. In short, the pair work at the picture of the old warrior until the very dullest dog in the audience knows what he is to see, or to imagine he sees, when the great moment comes. Thus is Brewster already created, though Mr. Irving has not yet left his dressing-room. At last, everything being ready, Mr. Fuller Mellish is packed off so as not to divide the interest. A squeak is heard behind the scenes: it is the childish treble that once rang like a trumpet on the powder-wagon at Waterloo. Enter Mr. Irving, in a dirty white wig, toothless, bleary-eyed, palsied, shaky at the knees, stooping at the shoulders, incredibly aged and very poor, but respectable. He makes his way to his chair, and can only sit down, so stiff are his aged limbs, very slowly and creakily. This sitting down business is not acting: the callboy could do it; but we are so thoroughly primed by the playbill, the scene-painter, the stage-manager, Miss Hughes and Mr. Mellish, that we go off in enthusiastic whispers, "What superb acting! How wonderfully he does it!" The corporal cannot recognize his grandniece at first. When he does, he asks her questions about children—children who have long gone to their graves at ripe ages. She prepares his tea: he sips it noisily and ineptly, like an infant. More whispers: "How masterly a touch of second childhood!" He gets a bronchial attack and gasps for paregoric, which Miss Hughes administers with a spoon, whilst our faces glisten with tearful smiles. "Is there another living actor who could take paregoric like that?" The sun shines through the window: the old man would fain sit there and peacefully enjoy the fragrant air and life-giving warmth of the world's summer, contrasting so pathetically with his own winter. He rises, more creakily than before, but with his faithful grandniece's arm fondly supporting him. He dodders across the stage, expressing a hope that the flies will not be too "owdacious," and sits down on another chair with his joints crying more loudly than ever for some of the oil of youth. We feel that we could watch him sitting down for ever. Hark! a band in the street without. Soldiers pass: the old warhorse snorts feebly, but com-

plains that bands don't play so loud as they used to. The band being duly exploited for all it is worth, the bible comes into play. What he likes in it are the campaigns of Joshua and the battle of Armageddon, which the poor dear old thing can hardly pronounce, though he had it from "our clergyman." How sweet of the clergyman to humour him! Blessings on his kindly face and on his silver hair! Mr. Fuller Mellish comes back with the breechloading carbine. The old man handles it; calls it a firelock; and goes crazily through his manual with it. Finally, he unlocks the breech, and as the barrel drops, believes that he has broken the weapon in two. Matters being explained, he expresses his unalterable conviction that England will have to fall back on Brown Bess when the moment for action arrives again. He takes out his pipe. It falls and is broken. He whimpers, and is petted and consoled by a present of the sergeant's beautiful pipe with "a hamber mouth-piece." Mr. Fuller Mellish, becoming again superfluous, is again got rid of. Enter a haughty gentleman. It is the Colonel of the Royal Scots Guards, the corporal's old regiment. According to the well-known custom of colonels, he has called on the old pensioner to give him a five-pound note. The old man, as if electrically shocked, staggers up and desperately tries to stand for a moment at "attention" and salute his officer. He collapses, almost slain by the effort, into his chair, mumbling pathetically that he "were a'most gone that time, Colonel." "A masterstroke! who but a great actor could have executed this heart-searching movement?" The veteran returns to the fireside: once more he depicts with convincing art the state of an old man's joints. The Colonel goes; Mr. Fuller Mellish comes; the old man dozes. Suddenly he springs up. "The Guards want powder; and, by God, the Guards shall have it." With these words he falls back in his chair. Mr. Fuller Mellish, lest there should be any mistake about it (it is never safe to trust the intelligence of the British public), delicately informs Miss Hughes that her granduncle is dead. The curtain falls amid thunders of applause.

Every old actor into whose hands this article falls will understand perfectly from my description how the whole thing is done, and will wish that he could get such Press notices for a little hobbling and piping, and a few bits of mechanical business with a pipe, a carbine, and two chairs. The whole performance does not involve one gesture, one line, one thought outside the commonest routine of automatic stage illusion. What, I wonder, must Mr. Irving, who of course knows this better than any one else, feel when he finds this pitiful little handful of hackneyed stage tricks received exactly as if it were a crowning instance of his most difficult and finest art? No doubt he expected and intended that the public, on being touched and pleased by machinery, should imagine that they were being touched and pleased by acting. But the critics! What can he think of the analytic powers of those of us who, when an organized and successful attack is made on our emotions, are unable to discriminate between the execution done by the actor's art and that done by Mr. Conan Doyle's ingenious exploitation of the ready-made pathos of old age, the ignorant and maudlin sentiment attaching to the army and "the Dook," and the vulgar conception of the battle of Waterloo as a stand-up street fight between an Englishman and a Frenchman, a conception infinitely less respectable than that which led Byron to exclaim, when he heard of Napoleon's defeat, "I'm damned sorry"?

The first item in the Lyceum triple bill is Mr. Pinero's "Bygones," in which Mr. Sydney Valentine, as Professor Mazzoni, acts with notable skill and judgment. Mr. Pinero used to play the part himself; but he was bitten then, like every one else at that time, with the notion that "character acting," especially in parts that admitted of a foreign accent, was the perfection of stage art; and his Mazzoni was accordingly worse than anyone could believe without having seen it. Matters were made worse by the detestable and irredeemable scene in which the old man proposes marriage to the girl. Mazzoni might excusably offer her, as a means of escape from her humiliating predicament, the position of his wife, and his friendly affection and fatherly care until he left her a widow; and he might make this offer being

secretly in love with her, and so preserve the pathos of his subsequent disappointment. But to propose a serious love match to her as he does seems to me abominable: the scene makes my flesh creep: it always did. Mr. Valentine could not reconcile me to it; nor should I have thanked him if he had; but he softened it as far as it could be softened; and his final leavetaking, with its effect of sparing us the exhibition of a grief which he nevertheless made us feel keenly behind that last sincere and kindly smile, was a fine stroke of art. He here, as elsewhere in the play, showed himself able to do with a few light and sure touches what most of our actors vainly struggle with by publicly wallowing in self-pity for minutes at a stretch.

I hope I have not conveyed an impression that the triple bill makes a bad evening's entertainment. Though it is my steady purpose to do what I can to drive such sketches as "A Story of Waterloo," with their ready-made feeling and prearranged effects, away to the music-hall, which is their proper place now that we no longer have a "Gallery of Illustration," I enjoy them, and am entirely in favour of their multiplication so long as it is understood that they are not the business of fine actors and first-class theatres. And, abortive as "Don Quixote" is, there are moments in it when Wills vanishes, and we have Cervantes as the author and Mr. Irving as the actor—no cheap combination. Apart from the merits of the three plays, I suggest that it is a mistake—easily avoidable by a manager with Mr. Irving's resources at his disposal—to cast Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Webster for parts in two different pieces. I half expected to see Miss Hughes again in the third play; but Mr. Irving drew the line there, and entrusted the leading young lady's part in "Don Quixote" to Miss de Silva. In "Bygones," Miss Ailsa Craig succeeds in giving a touch of interest to the part of the ill-conditioned servant who works the plot. Miss Hughes grows younger and prettier, and acts better, continually; only her voice still slyly contradicts her efforts to be pathetic, which are in all other respects credible and graceful enough. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

NO change has taken place in the condition of the Money Market, which continues in a very quiet state, notwithstanding the falling due of an instalment on the last Queensland Loan, and no gold movements of importance have taken place at the Bank of England. The chief feature has been the tendering for the new issue of £2,000,000 India Treasury Bills. These were taken at the very low average rate of £1 4s. 7d. per cent, being chiefly bought by banks and foreign houses. Payment for them will be made on Saturday, when, however, an equal amount of old bills will fall due. At the Stock Exchange settlement lenders obtained about 1½ per cent; but the rate for discount for three months bank bills did not exceed ½ per cent, and for short loans ½. Tenders for India Council bills for Rs. 60,00,000 were accepted to the full amount: applicants at 1s. 1½d. per rupee received about 28 per cent of the amount applied for. The market for bar silver has remained firm, showing a rise of about ½d.

The General Market has been strong throughout the week, with the exception of some South American Government securities; Consols having reached the "record" price of 106½. Colonial Bonds remain very firm at a general improvement. Home Rails have become quite buoyant, Southern lines leading the rise. The traffics of the "heavy" lines were not encouraging, but no notice was taken of this in the general upward movement. The largest gains were shown in Brighton A, Dover A, Chatham, and Hull, and Barnsley. Amongst the heavies, North-Eastern, North-Western, and Great Northern showed the most marked improvement. The Scotch lines were also better, North British Deferred gaining the most.

The political situation was the chief factor in the Foreign Market, influential purchases from Paris giving renewed strength, attention being chiefly devoted to Spanish and Italian. Rio Tintos, which have been

so long neglected, suddenly rose on heavy buying orders from the French capital based on the firmness of the copper market.

Our remarks of last week about the American Market have been fully borne out, and an active demand for these securities has continued, with a further general rise in prices. The improvement in trade is showing itself slowly but surely, and the effect of the eventual increase in traffics is now being discounted, the most marked rise being shown in Milwaukees and Denver Preference.

Canadian Pacifics have been very erratic, chiefly on operations by "bears" of the stock. The account disclosed this stock to be very much oversold, and a back-wardation was given to carry them over to the next settlement. The "bears" bought, and the stock rapidly ran up to 55½, the rise brought on realizations by holders, and the stock becoming plentiful, the back-wardation went off with the result that the price quickly relapsed to 52.

At the adjourned ordinary general meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, the election of the new board of directors was proceeded with. Four members of the old board still retain their seats—Mr. Alexander Hubbard, Sir Harry M. Mather Jackson, Mr. J. A. Clutton-Brock, and Mr. George Allen. The new directors elected were—Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, Lord Welby, Sir William J. Young, Colonel F. Firebrace, Mr. Joseph Price, Mr. Alfred W. Smithers, and Mr. George von Chauvin. The salary of Sir R. Wilson was fixed at £4000 a year.

The Mining Market has again been in a very excited state, very large rises having been recorded in special instances. Intimation was given in the week that several important lenders were getting alarmed and would withdraw their money this account. Very little heed was paid to this, and the publicity with which it was given out led holders to believe that it was merely a ruse to get them to sell. The threat, however, was carried out, with the result that some brokers found it difficult to carry over their clients' shares. The feature of the market has been the demand for low-priced shares, which in some instances have experienced a remarkable rise.

The carrying-over trouble is becoming accentuated, and the account now completed has certainly been affected by it. There seems to be a growing inclination on the part of some of the leading brokers to curtail the facilities to clients to carry over their transactions. This, in the case of weak speculators, of course, seems to strengthen the market, and the habitual shaking out of the weak ones has benefited certain mining stocks; but it is quite a different matter when large and responsible speculators find their operations hampered by excessive rates. All this points to the necessity of some caution in the manner of dealing, and we shall probably see that the market for options will be more active within the next two accounts, for this species of operating, no doubt, will become more appreciated now that the difficulties of carrying over shares are more marked. Mining shares alone are affected by this tendency, which some persons believe shows the real strength of this market, as it is not probable that the lenders would insist upon such heavy terms as have been asked lately if they thought that by so doing they would be likely to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The mining boom has had the effect of loosening the purse-strings of the members of the Stock Exchange, for they established a record at the annual dinner of the Benevolent Fund. The amount collected this year was £16,902 19s. against £7454 in 1894. The nearest approach to this year's amount was raised in 1876—when £13,471 was subscribed—but of this amount £10,000 came in one lump from an anonymous donor. The ten stewards appointed to collect the subscriptions have done well; they stand in the following order, Mr. Adolph

Hirsch, with £3352, 5s. being a neck ahead of Mr. F. G. Gledstaness with £3030 11s, the remaining seven coming in a cluster as follows: Mr. G. Y. Poston, £1525; Mr. W. K. Millar, £1502; Mr. H. Y. Mason, £1433 7s. 6d.; Mr. A. D. Blyth, £1320; Mr. S. W. Ricardo, £1278 2s.; Sir T. H. C. Troubridge, £1160 17s.; Mr. Walsham Hare, £1150 10s.; and Mr. G. P. Howard, with £1149 17s.

There seems to be some doubt amongst the Chambers of Commerce both in London and the provinces about taking part in the Paris Exhibition of 1900. Exhibitors in the past complain that the only benefit they have reaped from showing their different goods is that the French, after having seen them, instead of facilitating their trade in the country, have so cramped them by imposing protective duties that it is hardly possible now for an English firm to carry on a profitable business in France. They seem to think that there is now a favourable opportunity of obtaining from the French Government either a revision of the tariffs or a new treaty of commerce. There is not the slightest doubt that the absence of English exhibitors would not tend to the success of the Exhibition.

NEW ISSUES.

A PROMISING COMPANY.

THE DE MARE INCANDESCENT GASLIGHT SYSTEM.

We see from the prospectus that a Company has been formed with a capital of £100,000 in 100,000 ordinary shares for the purpose of acquiring, working, and selling certain patents for incandescent gas burners, which constitute what is known in France as the Héliogène System. The peculiarity of this, the De Mare system, is that a platinum wire is suspended over what is practically an ordinary burner, and to this platinum wire a fringe of cotton is attached, which has been previously steeped in a mineral solution and dried. "Upon being used for the first time the cotton is burned out by the gas flame, the mineral constituents of the solution alone remaining in the form of a hanging-fringe. This fringe is quickly brought to a white heat, producing a steady glowing white light of great purity devoid of any objectionable tinge." The consumption of gas in this system is a little more than one-third of that of the London Argand burner for an equal volume of light, while the heat produced is very much less; it can therefore be used with advantage in sick-rooms or bed-rooms as a night-light. The fringe can be knocked away with the finger, and will not even burn paper if it falls upon it. The fringe is said to endure for more than 1000 hours, and it avoids the necessity of using any chimney or globe; of course a shade may be used if required. The prospectus tells us that the "De Mare burner and fringe complete can be sold at a price 25 per cent less than the present price, to yield a large profit to the shareholders, owing to the small cost of production." The price fixed by the vendors for the patent rights is £75,000 payable as to £15,000 in cash, as to £33,000 in fully paid-up shares of the Company, while the balance is to be paid in cash or shares, or partly in cash and partly in shares at the option of the directors, leaving 25,000 shares available for the provision of working capital.

The waiver clause is in force in this prospectus; but on the other side of the account it must be noted that there are no preference or founders' shares. It was only to be expected under these circumstances that the promoters of this Company would set forth the price at which the shares of the original Incandescent Company now stand: Ordinary shares, £1 fully paid, £2 17s. 6d. to £3 2s. 6d.; preference shares, 2s. fully paid, £36 to £38.

Now what shall we say about this De Mare incandescent system? We have seen the light, and think it wonderful. Had it a fair chance, we have no doubt that it would prove an enormous success, and that the shares would quickly go to a very high premium. The Company is moderately capitalized, and there are good practical men on the board of directors. But will the De Mare system have a fair chance? Men who have made

immense profits out of a patent are not inclined to relinquish them to a later comer without a fight, and accordingly we find that a writ has been issued by the Incandescent Gaslight Company, Limited, and their claim is for an injunction to restrain people from using the De Mare system as an infringement of the patents granted to the Incandescent Gaslight Company. This is all printed boldly enough in the prospectus now before us of the De Mare Incandescent System, together with the opinion of the eminent Q.C., Mr. Bousfield, M.P., who is stated to declare that the De Mare burner and tissue does not infringe the patents of the original incandescent gaslight system. It will be admitted that all the elements necessary for a very pretty fight are to be found here; but notwithstanding what may after all be only a piece of bluff on the part of those who have for long monopolized a field free from competition, we think that as a speculation the shares in this De Mare Incandescent Gaslight Company should be taken up by the public.

EVANS & ALLEN, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed to acquire the business of Messrs. Evans & Allen, drapers, now carried on in what is known as London House in Newport, Monmouthshire. The share capital is to be £51,000, of which 50,000 are ordinary shares of £1 each and 1000 £1 founders' shares, which are to take half of all the surplus profits after 7 per cent has been paid on the ordinary shares. The directors are local men, two out of the three have J.P. after their name, though it may be presumed that Justices of the Peace know even less about drapery than they do about law. Of course we find the shares of all the Companies that have recently taken over drapers' shops, or any kind of stores in London, set forth here, and the unwary are invited to conclude that as the £1 shares of Harrod's Stores now stand at 3½ to 4, and as the £1 shares of D. H. Evans & Co., of Oxford Street, now stand at nearly 2½, the shares of this Evans & Allen scheme will presumably go to a premium. We would warn our readers against arriving at so mistaken an inference.

This concern or enterprise seems to us to be absurdly over-capitalized. For the year ending February 1894 the profits made in this shop only amounted to £3576. Now, so far as we can understand the certificate of Messrs. Viney, Price & Goodyear, printed in the prospectus, these net profits are arrived at by only counting ground rental and omitting the actual rental of the buildings; but it seems that Mr. Walter Allen, who is both selling his business to the Company and is binding himself to act as managing director for the Company, will grant to the Company underleases of the premises at a rental of £1150 per annum for the first seven years. Now, if we take this £1150 per annum from the profits of 1894 and further subtract £300 per annum as directors' fees, we shall find that only enough remains to pay about 4 per cent upon the capital of £50,000. To say that this interest is not enough in an ordinary industrial enterprise is to say but little. Were these ordinary shares preference shares fully secured by buildings and large profits, the interest would be regarded as insufficient. Four per cent can still be obtained on excellent security where one has a certainty of being able to call in his principal after a reasonable notice. Four per cent on ordinary shares in a draper's business in a small provincial town is ridiculous.

Not only is the objectionable "waiver clause" in full force in this curious prospectus, but the promoters of the Company modestly veil their names and individualities under the title of "The Trade Syndicate, Limited," a concern only registered in 1895 with a capital of £5000 in £1 shares, whose shareholders seem to be limited to the statutory number of seven, each of them the proud possessor of a single share, and four out of the seven avowing themselves to be mere clerks. Whose hand it is that moves these seven fingers we do not know, but this much is certain, that we would advise the public to take no interest in this drapery business. It can be safely left to Newport, with its eager Justices of the Peace and its confiding clientèle.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FORMOSA.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 9 May, 1895.

SIR,—There is a single feature in the graphic sketch of Formosa presented in last week's *Saturday Review*, upon which I should like, with your permission, to offer a word of comment. Following, no doubt, the authority of Swinhoe, Mr. Gundry speaks of the aboriginal inhabitants as of Malayan and "Negrito" descent. As to the Malayan element there can be no question; but Swinhoe, who never visited the interior and wrote avowedly from report, was, I think, mistaken in assuming the presence of a Negrito element. Mr. Dodd, who has, as you remark, travelled more widely through the interior than, probably, any other foreigner, describes the population as Malayo-Polynesian, and other observers are, I believe, of the same opinion. It is possible that savages of Eastern Negroid type may have arrived in Formosa as castaways, and that the report by which Swinhoe was influenced had its origin in some such event. Residents in Kelung were surprised, for instance, some years ago by the sudden appearance of several big canoes containing a dozen natives of the Pellew Islands, who had been caught in a gale and been driven, or drifted with the Japanese "Gulf Stream," some 1500 miles from home. Kelung looked inviting, no doubt, after such an excursion, so they ventured in, and were not deceived. The Customs kept their canoes as curios, but the men themselves were well treated and sent to Hong Kong, whence they were forwarded to Pellew.

The men had the crisp curly hair of the Negritos, who are found widely scattered through the Philippines and adjacent islands, and it is far from impossible that others, arriving under similar stress, may have been less fortunate in getting repatriated. But if so, they seem to have left no trace, for no signs of crisp or curly hair have, I believe, been discovered among the Formosan savages either in north or south. Mr. Dodd, at any rate, failed to discover them, though he hunted for them for years; and others—Messrs. Pickering, for instance, and Taylor, and British consular officers—have interested themselves in the inquiry, with similar results. It is not impossible, again, that other castaways, who had incurred the fate of these Pellew islanders, met a less hospitable reception when they chanced to put into an "aboriginal" instead of a civilized port; for there are inlets, if nothing better, in the eastern coast which they would naturally make.

It is a wild coast at times; and if Mr. Dodd could be induced, as you suggest, to put his reminiscences on record, he could tell moving tales of flood as well as of field. Old residents still recount, for instance, on stormy nights, how he and our gallant countryman Margary—who met his death, not long after, at the hands of other savages in Yunnan—saved the crew of the French ship *Adèle* during one of the worst typhoons the oldest inhabitant can remember. It was at Kelung. H.M.S. *Elk* was in harbour, but could not lower a boat. Dodd swam off alone to the stranded ship, but was washed back a dozen times and dashed on the rocks, where Margary and others were. At last, however, he managed, from the top of a wave, to get a hold of the ship's netting, and clambered up. The night was so dark that the Frenchmen could not see him till he was on board; and the story goes that they took him for a savage, and that it was only by boxing the captain's ears and swearing at him in French that he got them to let him have a rope. With this he swam ashore again, and got it joined to the shore rope which Margary and others had prepared. Margary and he then returned to the ship, hand over hand, half in the water and half out, and got all, I think, safely on shore except three, who were in the fore-castle half; for the ship, like St. Paul's, had been broken in two by the violence of the waves. Even these were, however, eventually got out, after the rescuers had been some eight hours in the water. The French Government offered the Legion of Honour for the exploit; but our own Government, for some mysterious reason, forbade acceptance of the gift. They gave, however, the First Class Albert medal, which was never more

pluckily earned. It was a recognition, moreover, of more than one similar exploit in which both together during Margary's short stay, or Mr. Dodd alone during his longer residence, were traditionally concerned. The same two men swam off together, for instance, to the wreck of the British ship *Anne*, under somewhat similar difficulties. But the *Adèle* typhoon beat all, for violence. Nautical men will realize its force if I mention that it was logged as No. 12 on board H.M.S. *Elk*, and that the bar fell to 27.93.—Yours truly,

TZE-LING.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEERAGE IN AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HOBART,
TASMANIA, 16 March, 1895.

SIR,—Less than eight years ago the announcement that Lord Carrington had been appointed Governor of New South Wales came upon the Colonial world as a great surprise. The Governor-elect was entirely new to public life; he had filled his niche creditably in the Household troops; he had proved a most tactful and popular Master of the best pack of hounds in the Midlands; he had, or was reported to have, a ready command of that radical terminology which pretty ladies regard as the utterances of political genius. Such were Lord Carrington's chief credentials. The new experiment, however, judged by results, was extremely successful, and it was recognized that a peer, carrying the enthusiasms of comparative youth into the life of a new, strange community, well mannered and well married—that such a Governor was of far more value to those distant satrapies than some "old Parliamentary hand."

So it happened that in quick succession came other young men of the same stamp: the Earls of Kintore, Hopetoun, and Jersey. When Lord Hopetoun sails for England this week a chapter of Colonial history will have closed, and those who shall have witnessed the enthusiasm of regret in Melbourne at his departure, and the even more remarkable ebullition which made the closing scene of Lord Kintore's government memorable at Adelaide six weeks since, will need no other reminder of the great success which has attended this new departure of the Colonial Office.

The hold of these two Scotch earls on the affections of Her Majesty's lieges presents certain useful points of contrast. When Lord Hopetoun landed at Melbourne six years ago, the community was surprised to find that Her Majesty had sent them a lord-in-waiting, who was also the youngest Governor who had ever left Great Britain in such a rôle. But he dropped into a community not less sport-loving than the Irish, and has since won all hearts by the frank acceptance of the fact that he came out rather to learn than to teach; by his enthusiasm also for all kinds of field-sports, and by the splendid hospitality with which he has dispensed a princely income. The Victorian community had long ago come to regard Adam Lindsay Gordon as its tutelary genius; and Lord Hopetoun, who brought from the hunting fields of Cheshire a good seat and hands, "nicked" with the sporting traditions of Victoria, and in the happiest possible fashion.

"Select is the circle in which I am moving,
Yet open and free the admission to all,
Still, still more select is that company proving,
Weeded out by the funker and thinned by the fall.
Yet here all are equal: no class legislation,
No privilege hinders, no family pride;
In the 'image of war,' see the pluck of the nation
Ride ancient patrician, democracy ride!"

In the spirit of these lines, and without any derogation of the dignity which befits the Queen's representative, Lord Hopetoun took up his study of southern sociology; and the fact that his hold on the affections of Victoria has grown side by side with the recognition of the respect due to his position, is by no means the least that is to be said for his phenomenal success as Governor.

The claims of Lord Kintore upon the affections of

South Australia, that brought tens of thousands of that community, even over great distances, to bid farewell to their Governor at Port Adelaide, were of quite another order. It was reported of an ex-Premier that, speaking of Lord Kintore, he declared: "We like him, because we always know just where to find him; if we are right, he will stand by us, as against the Colonial Office; and if we are wrong, he will give us a frank opinion without a moment's hesitation." And this saying about Lord Kintore holds good, to a greater or less degree, of all these peer-Governors. They have been men of great position at home; men quite able to hold their own if, when in the right, they came in conflict with the Colonial Office; Governors also, able, because of their position at home, to take an independent line, and to present the acts of their Ministers in the best and strongest light. It will be no easy task for mere pensioner politicians, or routine Governors, to succeed such men as these.

It is fair to say of Lord Kintore that his influence has gone far beyond the boundaries of South Australia: his farewell speech in the Adelaide Town Hall, especially that portion of it urging the Federation of Australia as a step to a larger Federation, has attracted public attention to a remarkable degree in all the seven Colonies. Referring to it recently at a dinner given to the Australian Premiers by the Premier of Victoria, Sir James Patterson, the last occupant of the office, declared that Lord Kintore's speech, if it stood alone, would have created a Federal party and a Federal policy. It must not be lost sight of that the past five years have been full of infinite anxiety both to the Governors and the governed; the success of the experiment in government by the peerage is therefore the more remarkable and satisfactory; and it is felt that in his valedictory address to South Australia, Lord Kintore found just the proper text for the times. When speaking of Federation, Lord Kintore said: "It is said, I am aware, that these Federal Unions can only be achieved under pressure of national peril from without; and I admit that the teachings of history are in that direction, that Federation has only followed from the recognition of danger. But there are dangers, especially to youthful communities such as these, which are not less great than the dangers of invasion; there are financial disasters from which the recovery of a nation may be even more tedious and more protracted than from the fiercer but shorter ravages of war. . . . Remember that you cannot isolate this Colony or that Colony; you must recognize from the event of 1893 that the chain by which we are anchored to ride out a gale is no stronger than its weakest link; at any moment a commercial catastrophe originating in Melbourne or Sydney would reflect itself in every homestead on this continent. What we need is that instead of 'jobbing' our finances, and our financial resources, we may be in a position to use them as the various strands which together constitute the strength of a cable. Looking at a single asset—the State railways of these several Colonies—there you have a security amply sufficient in the event of a great and sudden emergency, to finance you safely through any conceivable condition of stress. But these resources are not at the disposal of any one Colony which may happen to lie first in the track of the storm; and this being so, you are now even exposed to a peril which is no imaginary peril, and you are so exposed that, conceivably, one after another these seven Colonies might be attacked and be overwhelmed."—Believe me, yours truly, MORETON FREWEN.

AN IDEAL SPORTSMAN.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, 7 May.

SIR,—In an otherwise excellent notice of a Memoir of the late Sir Samuel Baker in your issue of the 20th ult. your reviewer says: "Sport, as understood by him (Sir S. Baker), was not mere slaughter, but a succession of duels between the sportsman and his game. His lofty ideal of sport," &c. The notion of a duel between a rabbit, or even a tiger, and a man with a double-barrelled gun is too preposterous to be defended. It is well to rid a country of its vermin; but no "tall talk," please.—Yours truly, P. S. K.

REVIEWS.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT.

"The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham."
By John Oliver Hobbes. London: Henry & Co. 1895.

BY some quaint accident John Oliver Hobbes has mixed her titles and given that belonging to some lost, forgotten, or unwritten volume to the story of one Doctor Simon Warre and the immoral, selfish, and impulsive woman he married. We must confess, the result is just a little disappointing. We had anticipated a pleasant revival of the "Egoist" theme by this most agreeable writer, something of quite Meredithian egregiousness, stalking between heaven and earth to the admiration of gods and men, a sort of actor-manager in some human comedy-tragedy set in a framework of sympathetic and applauding deities. And we find no Gods at all, save perhaps the Eros of a gorged portal vein, and very little Lord Wickenham! He moons aimlessly about the story like a guest invited by mistake. People speak to him as if out of civility, but every one is interested in Mrs. Warre. Nothing happens to him, and he does nothing. In the penultimate chapter he writes to the authoress, but he is too well-bred to demand an explanation. There are, however, several Mortals who atone not only for the godlessness of the story and this unhappy peer's insignificance, but also for a certain quality of Dr. Warre that is neither godlike nor mortal, but simply the unreality of the woman's hero all the wide world of fiction over. And there are, moreover, a number of tricks and turns, a constant animation of style, that keep the book alive and readable from cover to cover. So that we can outlive our disappointment of the title, and still go on to find things to praise in the volume it misrepresents, merely remarking that if the gods can laugh at their presentment on the decorative title-page, their sense of humour blinds them most regrettably to their self-respect.

Let us repeat, the book is readable. One reads it through, going from page to page in proper sequence, not desiring to skip to the end nor needing to refer to what has gone before, nor forgetting for one moment the pleasure of the manner in the interest of the story. And it is just as well for the story that we do not examine it too minutely. It is like a charming cripple, skilfully dressed to hide her infirmities, a cripple with pretty eyes and the gayest conversation. You are quite surprised when you get to the dissecting-room. We must confess we have never found John Oliver Hobbes quite so pleasing before. We like her Meredithisms, her delightful way of saying quite original things—to pattern. We like her worldly view of things, her sage men of the world and their aphorisms: "Most women are so inquisitive. They mistake curiosity for devotion to our interests"—and so forth. But for all that, this book remains one of the clumsiest so far as construction is concerned that we have read for a long time.

Indeed, to be plain, we suspect John Oliver Hobbes of having had quite a different view for this story in its youth. At some time, when it was still young, she dropped it—and behold our cripple! Lord Wickenham is quite a useless limb. If not, and we are wrong, then her method passes our comprehension. There is Allegra "whipped up into fragile existence from the very cream of tenderness, weakness, love, and folly." We are told that conspicuously on the first page—"love and folly." And "her oval face, small full lips, and mysterious black hair, had the romance of other centuries than this—poetic inhumanity of a sonneteer's mistress." The dash here should be replaced by "the"—it is a curious slip at the outset, if that was how the story originally began. But the "love and folly" come to nothing—seem to be forgotten as the story proceeds. The first two chapters indeed seem dislocated. Warre goes to Italy and falls in love with Allegra; nothing happens between them, and he returns. The episode seems unmeaning. He thinks a great deal of her, and then incontinently marries the shameful Anne, whom he has met once or twice, because Allegra writes him a pithy letter. That takes us to chapter v. Allegra and Wickenham, for all practical purposes, drop out of the book for the next dozen

chapters or so, and the real story develops. That goes smartly enough. In the last few chapters Allegra and Wickenham return and loom upon the narrative, again, quite inefficiently—"Why were we invited?" Allegra behaves as though neither weakness nor folly were in her—only tenderness and love. The futile Wickenham has met her on the outskirts of the tale, and appears to be deeply in love with her. Anne ends a course of vulgar intrigue by eloping from her husband. One would expect Warre, a brilliant young man of thirty or so, thus happily released from a mere trull, to marry Allegra—who still, as he knows, loves him. She has dropped all the "poetic inhumanity of a sonneteer's mistress" by this time. But granted the desirability of the marriage, it would leave that superfluous Wickenham absolutely disconnected with the story. So Warre, "broken in health and heart," goes abroad and dies, and in the end we see the lonely Wickenham, consoled for chapter after chapter of aimless loafing by the hand and the broken pieces of the heart of Allegra. They certainly have a common ground for sympathy in their exclusion from the main narrative. "She was a true woman" then—whatever she was meant to be in the beginning—and she calls the erstwhile lonesome man, "Wick."

Warre, though some of his phases are convincing, is, as a whole, incredible. He is a brilliant medical investigator, a lecturer, and the possessor of an extensive practice—a position he has attained by his own unaided effort by the age of seven-and-twenty. He wrote "descriptive articles at half a guinea a column" during his student days, and had occasional dinners and daily eloquence. He is collecting a private museum. "An intelligent youth this," remarks John Oliver Hobbes, "wisely dispassionate, on the best of terms with the Almighty, roaring lions, and the rest." Yet he marries in a kind of spasm, and dies when Fortune has relieved him of the abominable wife whom in an almost impossible lapse he married. If he cared for her one could understand his being heart-broken. But he does not. If he had been a poet, or some such unworldly idler, one could understand his innocence being fatally shaken by this experience. That is not the case at all. We are asked to believe that a brilliant medical man at seven-and-twenty, "on the best of terms with roaring lions," knew nothing of the realities of life, and that, after a short space of married unhappiness, he could say, "I have seen the vision of sin and corruption; my eyes are seared with it"; and, refusing to be comforted, turn his face to the wall and die. For the life of us we cannot credit it. A less convincing hero it would be hard to invent. From the long and unmistakably feminine letter he is represented as writing in chapter iv. onward, we cease to sympathize with him or believe in him. He is an impossible blend of energy and long-suffering, an epicene monster. If you dug him in the ribs you would assuredly meet with whalebone.

But the real substance of the book is the study of the wanton Anne Warre. That is the artistic redemption of the story. She is amazingly alive, she seems to be written out of an abundant fund of minute and intense observation. She marries Warre and tells him on their wedding-day she was the mistress of her friend's husband, she tires of the "married celibacy" he imposes upon her, and sinks from one intrigue to another. Her vanity, her inconsistencies, her religious emotions, her curious mixture of love and contempt, fear and hatred, for Warre, her concessions to champagne, to Bourget, to sentimental poetry, her social ambitions, are intimately drawn. She is a real creation, more like Daudet's Madame Risler than any other character we can recall, an English Madame Risler at a higher social level. Never before has John Oliver Hobbes drawn anything nearly so subtly nor so truly. For the sake of this character alone the book is well worth reading. Indeed, one might say it is for the sake of this character alone that the book is worth reading. Worth reading it certainly is, and not only is it worth reading, but it is extremely pleasant to read. In spite of structural and other defects, we think we may congratulate John Oliver Hobbes on a decided advance upon her former work, both in matter and manner. Her affectation of epigrams has diminished, and its exasperating quality has, to our taste, gone altogether.

A NEW RELIGIOUS ANTHOLOGY.

"Lyra Sacra." Selected and arranged by H. C. Beeching, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

MR. BEECHING was not lacking in self-confidence when he put together a collection of religious verse which must inevitably challenge comparison with the Clarendon Press's "Treasury of Sacred Song," edited by the Oxford Professor of Poetry, Mr. F. T. Palgrave. "England's Antiphon" and Abbey's careful and learned volume are critical histories furnished with copious quotations, not anthologies pure and simple; but Professor Palgrave's collection is an anthology admirable in form as well as arrangement, and in these Mr. Beeching has been obliged to follow Professor Palgrave, and, moreover, in his selection has, broadly speaking, adopted the latter's leading principle of selecting poetry for poetry's sake, omitting much that, had edification been the object, would have been included. The notes, as in the Clarendon Press anthology, contain brief biographies of the less known writers, but brevity has been carried too far, and the biographical notes especially fall far short of Professor Palgrave's in extent and usefulness; while the omission of dates of birth and death in the list of writers is decidedly a loss.

It is not, however, with Mr. Beeching's canons of choice, as with quite unnecessary elaboration laid down by himself, that we are concerned, but with the result; and in considering the result we shall be obliged not seldom to compare his work with the Clarendon Press anthology which up to the present holds the field, for a new anthology, practically on the same lines, must justify its existence by some superiority to the old.

"Lyra Sacra," then, begins with three anonymous poems taken from an early fifteenth-century MS. in Lambeth Library, but already printed by the Early English Text Society in 1866-7. The first two of these are not remarkable for power of expression, but the third, "Quia Amore langueo," missing in the "Treasury of Sacred Song," certainly adds to the value of Mr. Beeching's collection; though, on the other hand, we miss William Dunbar's fine hymn of "Christ's Nativity," given by Professor Palgrave. The passages of Chaucer from "Troilus and Criseyde" is an addition, and the lines written by Raleigh in his Bible the night before his execution, are so good that one is surprised Professor Palgrave should have missed them:

Even such is Time who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days."

In Mr. Beeching's anthology we come next to the great religious poet Spenser, whose noble "Hymn of Heavenly Love," given in full by Professor Palgrave, appears in a truncated form here, for no reason that we can discover except economy of space, which would better have been gained by the omission of the work of other and inferior writers. Southwell's "Burning Babe" is wanting to Mr. Beeching's collection, on the unsatisfactory grounds that the treatment of the subject is picturesque rather than devotional; the fantastic yet earnest religious poetry of Donne is, on the other hand, more excellently and fully represented than in Professor Palgrave's collection. The same may be said of Giles Fletcher; but Herbert occupies far too large a portion of the limited space at the disposal of the editor, too large a portion considering that most readers will be familiar with his works.

To Crashaw justice is done as a poet of ebullient imagination and rare felicities of phrase and metre. The "Hymn to Santa Teresa," unaccountably omitted by Professor Palgrave, appears here in full. This, in Coleridge's opinion, is Crashaw's finest work, and the later and greater poet adds, what a comparison will corroborate, "these verses were ever present in my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel; if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." But why is Patrick Carey (A.D. 1651) ignored by Mr. Beeching, as he had already been ignored in the Clarendon Press anthology? Surely eight lines of a triolet are not too long for the narrowest

collection, and Mr. Beeching says that he has cast his net as wide as possible.

"Worldly designes, feares, hopes, farwell!
Farwell all earthly joyes and cares!
On nobler thoughts my soule shall dwell.
Worldly designes, feares, hopes, farwell!
Att quiet in my peacefull cell
I'll thincke on God, free from your snares;
Worldly designes, feares, hopes, farwell!
Farwell all earthly joys and cares!"

Beaumont is as inadequately as Henry Vaughan is generously treated in "Lyra Sacra"; but it is when he comes to the eighteenth century that Mr. Beeching errs most on the side of meagreness. He gives, indeed, fair specimens of Byrom, whose interesting chain verse with its close affinity in form to the Malay Pantoum is given in full, while half of it is all that Professor Palgrave gives, though he found space for pages of verse by other authors that has no faintest claim to be called poetry, while he ignored the rest of Byrom's remarkable work including the Divine Epigrams, wisely given by Mr. Beeching. On the other hand, if Palgrave gives too many writers of the eighteenth century, Mr. Beeching gives too few. If we can spare Doddridge and Isaac Watts, so can we not Christopher Smart, who had some of the poetic strength as well as the moral weakness of Villon. Nor should the fine ode of Thomas Olivers have been passed over, nor yet John Newton's "Vision of Life in Death," while Charles Wesley's "Wrestling with the Angel," if his best work, is yet somewhat insufficient to represent his whole production.

It is when we come to the religious poetry of the present century that Mr. Beeching is seen at his best as an editor. Professor Palgrave had the advantage of being allowed to use a considerable portion of Lord Tennyson's religious verse, but the names of Tennyson and Browning are absent, owing to their high market value, from the present anthology. Still, if the work of the greatest of the brothers was out of reach, surely some of the admirable religious verse of Frederick Tennyson and Charles Tennyson Turner might have had a place. This omission is strange, and equally strange is the absence of a single specimen of that true poet, William Barnes, whose lyrics, though written in the dialect of Dorsetshire, are not difficult to make out and are well worth the exertion. Professor Palgrave has the advantage here, for in his collection Barnes is well represented; but here the advantage ends, and for the remainder of the collection, a remainder which consists of excerpts from contemporary writers, Mr. Beeching, where a comparison is possible, has the best of it.

Thus that fine and finished poet, Coventry Patmore, is represented by one short piece, though that a gem, in the Oxford collection, while Mr. Beeching gives five pieces from "The Unknown Eros," and might, we think, with advantage have given ten. Again, Christina Rossetti's solemn "New and Old Year Song," missing from the "Treasury of Sacred Song," appears in "Lyra Sacra," though some of the passages given from her later volume, "Verses," might well have been exchanged for other extracts from her earlier volumes. Dora Greenwell, passed over in the older anthology, finds her due recognition in the collection we are examining. The balanced rhetorical verse of Myers, the true poetry and deep religious spirit of Robert Bridges are not forgotten by Mr. Beeching, and enhance the value of his selection. Strange to say, none of these appear in Professor Palgrave's Treasury; and since he seems not to have discovered Robert Bridges, it is not surprising that so modest a poet as Digby Mackworth Dolben, cut off in his boyhood in 1867, should have been ignored, though it is to Mr. Beeching's credit that he gives ample extracts from Dolben, as also from later men, from Stevenson, and specially from Francis Thompson, whose fine religious poems are excellently represented in "The Hound of Heaven."

In his extracts from contemporary religious verse, Mr. Beeching is not only more successful than the editor of the Clarendon Press Treasury; he is really without competitor or rival. And yet we think it is not difficult to show some very serious gaps in his knowledge or in his taste which are to be found in this latter part of his collection. First, it is barely credible that he knows the quiet but exquisite beauty of Dante Rossetti's "Ave" and yet has ventured to omit it. Again, it is

strange that Lowell should be passed over. Does Mr. Beeching know that fine hymn beginning "What means this glory round our feet"? or the passionate earnestness of portions of "Sir Launfal's Vision"? or "Above and Below"? or the thrilling practical Christianity of "A Parable"? where church and palace and throne are seen to rest their foundations on the bodies and souls of living and suffering men—an idea which evidently suggested to Olive Schreiner one of her most powerful allegories. A gain, too, to this or any religious anthology would be the fine Cable-hymn of Whittier, in which

"The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease,
As on the sea of Galilee

The Christ is whispering peace."

And for the very breath of Christ's Christianity what better religious poems than Whittier's "Trinitas"; "The Over Heart," "The Two Angels"? Without such poems for the voice of modern Christianity to speak through, no religious anthology can be considered complete. With these additions, and a more ample selection from the moderns—for instance, from George MacDonald's lyrics and Dowden's "Sonnets of the Inner Life" (both somewhat inadequately represented)—Mr. Beeching's collection of religious verse would be an indispensable companion volume to fill up the astonishing lacunæ in the Clarendon Press "Treasury of Sacred Song"; and even as "Lyra Sacra" stands, no one who wishes to possess a really representative anthology of England's religious poetry should be satisfied till he has added to Professor Palgrave's Treasury a volume which at least supplies its most serious deficiencies, and is, on the whole, highly creditable to the knowledge and taste of its editor.

SOME ART PUBLICATIONS.

"The Seine and the Loire." Illustrated after drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., with introduction and descriptions by M. B. Huish, LL.B. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. 1895.

"Les Anciens Instruments de Musique." By Eugène de Bricqueville. Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 1895.

"Bibliographica." Vol. I. Part IV. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1895.

UNDER the title of "The Seine and the Loire," we have a reissue of the engravings which were originally published in the three volumes of "Turner's Annual Tour." The first of these volumes, with the sub-title of "Wanderings by the Loire," appeared in 1833; the two latter volumes, "Wanderings by the Seine," in 1834 and 1835. The present issue is reprinted from the original steel plates; and although these impressions will not bear comparison with the early states of these engravings, they are, for the most part, far more brilliant than we might expect, having regard to the frequent use to which the plates have been put. As to the designs themselves, there is little that need here be said: the beauty, the extraordinary mastery over the art of landscape-painting, which such drawings as the "Château Gaillard, from the East," show, are too well known and too widely acknowledged to require any fresh insistence. In the notes which accompany the plates, Mr. Huish recounts the circumstances under which the drawings were made, and the collections in which the originals may be found. Although these notes have already been printed, they contain a passage relating to the engravers who executed these plates, which will bear to be repeated. Mr. Huish was indebted for it to Mr. Armytage, one of these engravers, who was still living at the time the notes were written. "In his," Mr. Armytage's, "opinion, which he believes was shared by his fellows, Brandard's plates easily carried away the palm: Turner's drawings were remarkable principally for their sharpness and decision of touch; no one could render this so well and so easily as Brandard; he was able to carry a plate through with a certainty that this translation was correct, and was thus enabled to undertake a far larger amount of work than the other engravers. In the order named came Miller, Cousen, and R. Wallis. Higham was exceptionally good in architectural subjects, and his 'Rouen Cathedral' must be considered as one of the plates of the century."

Willmore and Radcliffe he places at a much lower level, their plates being too soft, spongy, and black; on more than one occasion Turner found their work so dark that he introduced a moon, and thus changed a daylight into a night effect. Mr. Armytage was much younger than the rest, and was only called in towards the completion of the work."

Although Mr. Armytage has lived on into our own time, the art of steel engraving, which he and his contemporaries practised with such admirable results, has unfortunately become almost a thing of the past; lingering only in a moribund state in some of our older illustrated magazines. Like wood-engraving, it threatens to be wholly superseded by "process" work; as miniature painting has been by photography. That this kind of engraving should be superseded was, perhaps, inevitable; for its vogue was due to the success with which it was capable of rendering the works of Turner and his contemporaries; just as the vogue of mezzotint engraving, in the last century, was due to the means with which it was capable of rendering the works of Reynolds and the painters of his time; but it is much to be regretted that these arts should find substitutes, not in other artistic methods, but in mechanical processes.

One, if not more, of the excellent essays which make up "Les Anciens Instruments de Musique," we remember to have read with enjoyment in the pages of *Le Ménestrel*. Although antiquarian in their tendency, and popular in their nature, they are not without interest to the musician; for M. de Bricqueville has succeeded in filling his pages with many valuable and out-of-the-way quotations, which he has brought together during the course of his extensive reading. For instance, he quotes a description of the collection of musical instruments formed by Alphonso II. of Este, Duke of Ferrara, from a work by Ercole Bottrigari, published at Venice at the end of the sixteenth century, in which the writer speaks of a great chamber, stored with "diversi strumenti tali usati e non usati." Here, doubtless, we have a clue to the *raison d'être* of some of the sumptuous instruments which occasionally figure in great collections: the famous Venetian virginal in the South Kensington Museum, for example, which is not only inlaid with ivory and ebony, but also overlaid with lapis lazuli and other precious stones. Such an instrument could never have possessed a good quality of tone: even inlays of precious woods, when extravagantly used, must have detracted from the musical qualities of lutes and virginals, as they are known to detract from the musical qualities of viols and violins; and far more would an incrustation of precious stones, or, in the case of another instrument in the South Kensington Museum, of Venetian glass, interfere with the tone of a *cembalo*. Such instruments were, clearly, never intended for use, but to exist, for their own sake, as objects of fine art; and we cannot agree with M. de Bricqueville's reading of the phrase, "usati e non usati." "Il est clair," he writes, "qu'Alphonse II. ne possède pas seulement des instruments destinés au concert ou à la chapelle, instruments d'usage courant, mais qu'il a encore des antiquailles, des objets démodés, mais remarquables à certain point de vue, des curiosités en un mot." If, however, we understand by the phrase, "strumenti . . . non usati," instruments which were collected, not because they possessed some antiquarian interest, but by reason of their intrinsic beauty and worth as works of art, the existence of many early Italian instruments is explained and justified, which otherwise would remain inexplicable.

"Les Pochettes de Maître de Danse," and "Les Instruments de Musique Champêtres," form the subjects of two of the papers, the latter recalling the pictures of Watteau, Pater, Boucher, and Lancret. The Musette still waits for Mr. Dolmetsch to revive it; but the attempt would obviously be attended with many difficulties; for neither the gods nor man would brook its use apart from a wig, knee-breeches, and a coat of flowered-silk. With such habiliments, and with the surroundings of the *fête champêtre*, even the *vielle*, which is in English nothing more or less than the hurdy-gurdy, becomes a musical instrument; and Bouin's treatise, "La vielleuse habile, méthode pour apprendre à jouer de la vielle," still remains for the musician who has a

mind to recover another bygone taste of the last century.

In the present number of the "Bibliographica," which completes the first volume, Mr. Maunde Thompson continues to describe the changes and developments which characterize the illuminator's art in English manuscripts from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. His paper is illustrated by some excellent reproductions from examples in the British Museum, and especially by a facsimile in colours of a miniature in Queen Mary's Psalter from the old Royal Collection. In the second paper, which savours of the *littérateur* rather than of the bibliographer, Mr. Austin Dobson discourses in his own delightful fashion of the Bibliotheca Meadiana, collected by Richard Mead the physician, the second possessor of the gold-headed cane. This famous relic belonged originally to Dr. Radcliffe, and, descending from Mead to Drs. Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie, now rests under a glass-case in the Library of the College of Physicians. Perhaps the most interesting contribution to the present number is that in which Mr. William Morris sets forth the artistic qualities of the woodcut books of Ulm and Augsburg in the fifteenth century: his paper is interesting not only on account of the knowledge and appreciation which Mr. Morris has for these fine productions of the early German press, but also on account of the influence which the cuts in these books have had upon his own work. In the border of the page from John Zainer's *Griseldis*, Ulm, 1473, a reproduction of which accompanies Mr. Morris's paper, may be found the prototype of some of the beautiful borders which decorate the later volumes of the Kelmscott Press: of the *Beowulf*, for example. Mr. Macray continues his notes on "Dedications to Englishmen"; and Mr. Sidney Lee, under the title of "An Elizabethan Bookseller," gives an account of Edward Blount, one of the publishers of the first folio of Shakespeare's works, and to whom the writer allows "the credit of first perceiving the advantage of collecting in a single folio Shakespeare's scattered plays." "The chief moral," writes Mr. Lee in conclusion, "to be drawn from Blount's busy career cannot commend itself to the literary profession. It is true that his private relations with many authors were friendly, and that he was publicly associated with some of the literary masterpieces of the age. But one cannot forget that most of his publications were undertaken without the writer's supervision, often even without his knowledge, and at times in actual defiance of his wishes. The customs which regulated the conduct of the trade in his day sanctioned such procedure. And if Blount's career proves anything, it proves that the conditions of publishing which habitually ignore authors' wishes and authors' rights are compatible with the fullest exercise of literary energy and with the production of literature of commanding merit." We commend the converse of this moral to the consideration of Mr. Besant and the Society of Authors.

MEMOIRS OF A PROTESTANT.

"The Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion." Written by himself. Translated by Oliver Goldsmith. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1895.

A FACT brought to light by Mr. Austin Dobson gives a certain importance to this reprint. It had always been conjectured that "The Memoirs of a Protestant" was translated by Goldsmith, but Mr. Dobson has placed this beyond contention by unearthing the receipt, signed "Oliver Goldsmith," for the money paid him, on 11 January, 1758, by one of the three publishers of the first edition. The book has the interest of being Goldsmith's earliest publication, although he was in his thirtieth year at the time of its issue. A few months before he had entered into that agreement with Griffiths by which he was to serve as man-of-all-work on the *Monthly Review*, in his master's shop, at the sign of "The Dunciad," in Paternoster Row. By January, 1758, however, Goldsmith had parted, doubtless in anger, from Griffiths, and was once more toiling as an usher in the school of Dr. Milner at Peckham. He had his reasons, which will probably remain un-

known, for wishing the translation not to be attributed to him, and he placed on the title-page the name of an inglorious schoolfellow, James Willington. But the style betrays him. In this pseudonymous book we perceive at once the lucid and forcible simplicity which was presently to be identified with no name but that of Oliver Goldsmith.

The "Memoirs of a Protestant" are not unknown, although this particular translation has become uncommon. The Religious Tract Society issues a version which is in some respects more accurate than Goldsmith's, but is wholly without charm of style, and quite incomplete. The "Protestant" was one Jean Marteilhe, of Bergerac in Perigord, who, in the year 1700, being then sixteen years of age, was, for persistence in the reformed religion, condemned to the galleys, and did not escape from them until 1713, when he was released at the intercession of Queen Anne. That his relation is on the whole a strictly veracious one is proved by a variety of minute facts, and quite lately fresh proof of his truth has been afforded by investigation into the details of two very striking events which he describes, the battle of the *Nightingale* frigate with the French galleys, at the mouth of the Thames in 1707, and the subsequent capture and execution of the traitor-pilot Smith in June 1708. It has been pointed out that Marteilhe's account differs in many particulars from the descriptions of these events preserved in the Public Records; but these divergencies rather add to the general impression of the "Protestant's" fidelity, since he was present, indeed, at the places described, though in a condition which gave him no power to take notes, while the differences between his and the official accounts are exactly what would occur in the narrative of a man describing many years afterwards what he had witnessed in circumstances of great agitation and pain.

It is hardly possible, in reading this terrible account of the inhumanity shown to prisoners, many of them innocent of any crime save that of desiring to worship God in their own way, to realize that it describes what took place, without scandal or appeal, less than two hundred years ago, in the most civilized country of Europe. That men, sometimes of advanced years, eminent for all the virtues, should have been condemned, through the most cruel vicissitudes of weather, to serve stark naked on a galley, chained to the oar, and cut with the frequent lash of an insolent slave-driver, at the very moment when Bossuet and Fénelon were in charge of the royal conscience of France, is an astounding fact. It is not less astounding to know that the horrors of this persecution continued until at least half a century later, and that when Cowper was rhyming and Wesley was preaching, the barbarous intendants of Montpellier and Grenoble were condemning old men of distinguished family to these ignoble tortures for life, solely for harbouring fugitive pastors, or for refusing to repudiate their own ancient religion. Christianity owes to Voltaire a debt, which it is not ready to acknowledge, for rendering these horrors impossible. The details of the discipline on board the galleys, given by Marteilhe with great simplicity, are absolutely sickening, and it is a difficulty to know how life could be sustained at all under conditions of such ignominy and exposure. Marteilhe himself suffered but from his seventeenth to his thirtieth year, and during a great part of that time was relieved and favoured by the officers. The hardships of his youth certainly did not kill him, for he lived on into his ninety-fourth year, surviving until the dawn of a new age of humanitarian ideas. When Marteilhe was born the Great Condé was still alive, and he outlived the birth of Courier. During this period the whole moral aspect of France had altered.

The author of these "Memoirs," and they seem to have received literary form from a certain Daniel de Superville the younger, was not devoid of skill as a narrator. He preserves a brave kind of cheerfulness through the relation of the most horrid facts; and some of his episodes, in particular that curious and pathetic one of the adventurers of Goujon, are as interesting as anything in the romantic fiction of the age. Much of Marteilhe's narrative seems formed to be shredded into the pot of the novelist, and the attentive reader will not fail to observe that it has been put to this practical service by a popular romance-writer of our own day.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, VOL. XLI.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XLI. Nichols—O'Dugan. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1895.

PRE-EMINENCE in any line deserves recognition; so we make no apology for singling out, in our survey of the forty-first volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," the name of Titus Oates, "perjurer." His present biographer, Mr. T. Seccombe, has already treated of him in that attractively named book, the "Lives of Twelve Bad Men," and it appears that Sir George Sitwell is also making a study of the perjurer's career, to form part of a forthcoming work, "The First Whig." It has been held that the Devil was the first Whig, and certainly Titus Oates may very well pass for one of the Devil's imps. To Church people it may be some comfort to know that, though Oates was, unhappily, a parson and the son of a parson, he was not born within the Church's fold, his father having turned Anabaptist some years before the birth of Titus, and holding, as it would seem, the position of a Roundhead regimental chaplain, from which he was expelled in 1654 by Monk for stirring up sedition in the army. The ex-Roundhead chaplain afterwards reverted to Anglicanism, and obtained the living of All Saints, Hastings; and it was while acting as curate to his father that young Oates, with the assistance of his worthy parent, tried his prentice hand at false accusation and perjury. Few men are perfect in their trade all at once, and Titus in this first essay only succeeded in getting himself lodged in gaol, and his father ejected from his living. He had, however, a cat-like power of falling on his feet, and, after some more ups and downs, he was picked out of the gutter by a clergyman labouring under anti-Jesuit mania. The result was the elaborate concoction of the Popish Plot, and, by the combined action of knaves and fools, the elevation of a peculiarly repulsive rascal to a position in which "every morning two or three gentlemen waited upon him to dress him, and contended for the honour of holding the basin for him to wash"—as if he had been Louis XIV. himself. "The Archbishop of Canterbury . . . recommended him for promotion in the Church, and Shaftesbury encouraged him to expect, if not to demand, a bishopric." Before the tide of public credulity turned, Oates "had directly or indirectly contrived the judicial murder of some thirty-five men." His punishment, when it came, was, as all readers of Macaulay know, terrible; but, after all, it did not completely crush him. He lived to marry a Muggletonian widow with a jointure of £2000, to spend her money merrily, and to draw, thanks to the interest of his Whig friends in King William's days, £300 a year from the Post Office revenues.

Titus Oates was a scoundrel so stupendous, his career is so interwoven with English history and affords so striking an illustration of the worst side of party politics, that no one will grudge him the seven or eight pages he occupies. But it is not so clear what is the justification for bestowing nearly a column upon Richard Noble, a rascally attorney who loved his client's wife too well, and who was at last hanged for running his quondam client through the body. Seeing that he pleaded self-defence, and that as "a student of the Inner Temple," he published a book or pamphlet upon his case, it may be inferred that interesting questions of justifiable homicide were raised by it; but these should have been brought out if the man was to be noticed in any work above the pretensions of the Newgate Calendar. As to the unpleasing article upon Newton Nicholson, "known as the Lord Chief Baron," some well-deserved remarks have already been made by the *Times* reviewer, to which we will only add our protest against the misplaced and misleading solemnity of treatment that has been bestowed upon what was merely a disreputable farce.

Turning to better men, we find a considerable space occupied by representatives of the name of Norris—Norris of Speke, of Bray, of Yattendon, of Rycote, and Norrises of less well-known lines. All who have to deal with the various Norrises in history will be grateful for the care with which they are here sorted out, and

their pedigrees disentangled by the labours of several biographers. Among them may be specially mentioned the hapless Norris who was beheaded, probably unjustly, as the alleged lover of Anne Boleyn; his son, Baron Norris of Rycote, and his gallant progeny of six hard-fighting sons, well known in Elizabethan days; Sir William Norris, of the Lancashire family of Speke, British envoy to India from 1699 to 1702; and Admiral Sir John Norris, who seems also to have belonged to the Speke line. They are succeeded by a batch of Norths, ranging in date from Edward, first Baron North, chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, who died in 1564, to Miss North the traveller and flower-painter, whose pleasant "Recollections of a Happy Life" are still fresh in mind. Lady Frances Bushby contributes interesting biographies of her ancestors, the second and third Lords North. The former distinguished himself at Zutphen; the latter, a brilliant courtier in his earlier days, discovered, when on his way to London from the lonely hunting-seat of Eridge, the medicinal springs subsequently well known as Tunbridge Wells, which by their virtues re-established the health he had impaired by an injudicious regimen of "hot treacle" as a preventive of plague. Lady Frances also supplies the notice of Roger North the colonial projector, while the better-known Roger North of the *Examen*, as well as his brothers the Lord Chancellor and the Turkey merchant, with some other Norths, are dealt with by Dr. Jessop. The account of Lord North, the minister of George III., is by Mr. Russell Barker. The latter part of the volume is mostly taken up by Irishmen with the O' prefix, from O'Beirne to O'Dugan, chief among them the great Dan, to whom eighteen pages are devoted by Mr. Robert Dunlop, a sympathetic biographer. Smith O'Brien receives kindly, though not uncritical, treatment from Mr. Russell Barker, who, while forbearing to laugh at him, remarks that, "destitute of judgment and foresight, and incapable of prompt decision, O'Brien was singularly unfitted for the part of a revolutionary leader."

Among the mediæval names, perhaps the most important is that of the schoolman Ockham, the "Venerabilis Inceptor" and "Doctor invincibilis," whose history is worked out and whose views are set forth in a learned article by Mr. R. L. Poole. Another elaborate article is that by Mr. Hunt upon Dean Nowell, especial pains having been taken with the rather confusing bibliography of Nowell's three catechisms. Mr. Hunt, who in this part of the subject has had the assistance of notes by Mr. Falconer Madan, of the Bodleian Library, comes to the conclusion "that Nowell was the author of the first part of the Church Catechism now in use," and that his "small catechism" also supplied the material for the latter added part on the Sacraments. Dissenting divinity is represented by Philip Nye, one of "the most original minds among the later puritans," according to his biographer, the Rev. Alexander Gordon. The once famous name of Baptist Noel belongs both to evangelical Anglicanism and to "evangelical nonconformity," by which last term is meant Dissent. In law we light upon the unscrupulous and hated Noye, Attorney-General to Charles I.; while poetry rather than law may claim the Elizabethan lawyer Norton, for we would gladly forget the sinister services to the government which won him the nickname of "Rackmaster-General," and only remember that he was joint-author with Sackville of "Gorboduc," "the earliest tragedy in English and in blank verse." Poetry of a much later school is represented by Mrs. Norton, who may also be considered as an early nineteenth-century "pioneer" of the rights of women. Her history is attractively narrated by Dr. Garnett, who accords considerable praise to her talents, but ranks her less brilliant sister Lady Dufferin above her in genius, a judgment which, he admits, would probably have equally surprised both the ladies concerned. He does not, we observe, touch upon the supposed portrayal of Mrs. Norton in Mr. George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." Among the military biographies may be noticed those of Sir William Nott, of Afghan fame, and of Brigadier-General Nicholson, whose prowess in war and skill in government so impressed the native mind in the Punjab that, in spite of the most forcible opposition on his part, he was seriously worshipped as a demigod under the name of "Nikkul

Seyn" by an admiring brotherhood of fakirs. Noticeable, too, are the ill-fated Captain Nolan, whose memory is inseparably connected with that of the brilliant blunder of the Balaclava charge, and Sir Jasper Nicolls, the man who did *not* surrender at Buenos Ayres in 1807. But why should the name of Liniers, the successful defender of Buenos Ayres against the British, be turned into "Linares"? Recent politics are recalled by the honoured name of Sir Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh, "perhaps the most pure-minded politician," says his biographer Mr. Sanders, "that has taken part in English public life since Lord Althorp." Though the pictures of Northcote, R.A., "have fallen into unmerited neglect," his biography may attract readers who have become interested in him by the republication last year of his shrewd and caustic conversations with Hazlitt. The eccentric and miserly sculptor, Nollekens, supplies material for an entertaining article by Mr. Walter Armstrong. There is a slight error in placing his beautiful monument to Mrs. Howard in "Corby Church"; the church is that of Wetherall, on the other side of the river Edeq. Of the theatrical biographies there are several, among them that of Mrs. Nisbett, whose fascinating laugh and pretty way of eating bread and milk on the stage are still remembered by old play-goers. Commendable care in searching out small celebrities is shown by the brief notice of Nixon, "the Cheshire Prophet," who has been elevated to more than local fame by a passing allusion to him in "Pickwick." Cheshire men will probably think that there should have been a reference to the verses of their hunting poet, Egerton-Warburton, in which the "Palatine Prophet" and his prophecies are commemorated.

It will be seen that there is "fine confused reading" in this volume for those who only take it up for entertainment. Of its more serious value to the student it is hardly necessary to speak. Such groups of biographies as those on the Norrises and the Norths will be especially helpful; and Irishmen will no doubt be duly appreciative of the careful recording of the notable members of the great families of hereditary poets and historiographers of the names of O'Cobhthaigh, O'Daly, and O'Dugan.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HANDWRITING.

"Grafologia." By Cesare Lombroso. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli. 1895.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO has had a finger in the making of many minor sciences. It is over thirty years since he was ridiculed for studying madness with a tape measure, and during this period he has not only become famous throughout the world as the exponent of criminal anthropology, but has explored many obscure recesses of the human mind. One of the latest of these explorations concerned what he called the "palimpsests of prisons," that is to say, the forbidden designs and inscriptions which prisoners contrive to leave on walls and books and pots. The volume in which these things were brought together is a revelation of grotesque, often brutal, originality and pathos, which can only be compared with Dostoevski's records of Siberian convicts. It was characteristic of Professor Lombroso to seek for psychological booty in such neglected fields, and further characteristic of his passion for exploiting scientifically the most trivial manifestations of human art and impulse that he should suggest the *graffiti* of our modern walls as not less worthy of serious study than the similar inscriptions of Pompeian loafers. Although the present volume deals with an allied field of investigation it can scarcely be considered so successful. One reason for this lies in the fact that Lombroso has not come very early into this field. Psychologists of accredited authority, like Preyer in Germany and Binet in France, have already dealt with the significance of handwriting; and it must be added that they have treated it with more judicious brevity. For there is another reason why a book on this subject cannot easily attain success. "Graphology," to an even greater extent than its congener physiognomy, imperceptibly lures its victim on to unprovable facts and facile generalizations, and Professor Lombroso copiously exemplifies this tendency.

It is fairly obvious that handwriting is a fit subject for

scientific inquisition. We are all taught to write from the same copy-book headings, but each man's handwriting differs from the model and from his fellows' hands by numberless voluntary and involuntary peculiarities. What is the cause and significance of these peculiarities? Professor Jastrow has constructed an ingenious instrument called the automatograph, formed of a plate of glass resting on three highly-polished metal balls, and so constructed that it will move easily, and that every movement is registered; the subject rests his hand on the plate as passively as he can, but it moves nevertheless, and a certain relationship is found between the subject's thoughts and the movements registered. Such instinctive movement is doubtless an element in handwriting. We know, too, that in various morbid nervous conditions the handwriting is modified in fairly definite ways, and also that the hypnotized subject's style of handwriting may vary as his supposed personality varies, uncertain in the rôle of a child, large and bold in that of a brigand. Again, it is the artist's tendency to make his signature a design, while the madman adopts the strangest devices to draw the attention of sane incredulity to his statements. But it is a long way from these general observations to the assertion that Emile Zola's autograph indicates vivacity and lucidity in the Z, force and penetration in the E; that hypocrites write illegibly; that to make a long tail to a G indicates imagination; that Mr. H. M. Stanley reveals a strong will in the down stroke of his H; and that Edmond de Goncourt shows his artistic intuition by writing every letter separately. Assertions of this kind may be made very cheaply, and they are plentiful in this volume. The "graphologist" comes to grief in the pitfalls which from the days of Lavater, and earlier, have so often brought the physiognomist to grief.

The most satisfactory, and indeed the larger, portion of this volume is constituted by its illustrations, facsimile autographs and fragments of handwriting, nearly five hundred in number. They include the manual signs of men of genius, criminals, lunatics, persons under the influence of disease and under the influence of hypnotism. So copious and varied a collection of autographs possesses something of the same interest as a well classified series of photographs. But however interesting and suggestive the contemplation of autographs may be, it has small claim at present to rank as a science.

FICTION.

"Women's Tragedies." By H. D. Lowry. London: John Lane. 1895.

MR. LOWRY in this collection of stories is guilty of the error of giving us his best wine last. The West-country tales, which form the fore part of the book, are as cleverly and carefully written as one could desire, and one or two of them are really effective; it would be hard to find any positive defect in them, and yet, taken together, they are not a satisfactory bookful, readable perhaps, but certainly not startlingly attractive. They have a family likeness, not only to one another, but to a great number of other short stories from the same school. And the stories, as stories, lack novelty. The ideas are old, the telling generic. No such collection is complete without its Enoch Arden variant, its jealous sisters, its maternal-filial bit of pathos; they are all here. But the four stories, under the sub-title of "The Former Age," are fresher and better stuff altogether; and "The Grey Wolf" is perhaps the most effective. They are another of several symptoms of the tendency of our younger generation of writers to explore the pre-historic period. Mr. Lowry's early Britons are very fair savages indeed, and he would do well to leave his Cornwall villagers to Q., and range further in old British forests among the slinking wolves, and over the downland with its circles and altars of stone. There is good sport yet in the thickets of the Bronze Age. We shall all be there soon, clad in skins, and hewing our way after him. Would that Mr. Grant Allen could join us and leave the ideal woman alone! The public has a surfeit of sex-problems, and the publishers are grimly resolved to sicken us of local colour books. And there are heaps of the most stimulating flint implements, skulls and bone needles, charred wood, and green bronze

weapons in every museum, and not a story-writer among us who will make these dry bones live.

"Thistledown and Mustard Seed." By Andreas Burger. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

This little book has tumbled into the batch of fiction, but properly Andreas Burger should have fallen a prey to him who writes of minor poets. Andreas Burger is a sport, a minor poet, writing with all the distinctive vacuity of his class, but writing in the easy prose of the common novel. Once or twice he breaks into verse—over the white corpuscle, for instance:

"Oh, shall it then not shame us men,

To think our pride depends

On things as small as the fly's eyeball—

These scanty honoured friends?"

He means "scantly honoured," of course, for there are millions of white corpuscles in the smallest minor poet that ever lived. That is a lapse—the mass of the book consists of novelette fragments in a kind of schoolmaster's English gemmed with schoolboy adjectives, and beautifully printed with ample margins. Here is one little gem—not an extract, mind, but a piece in itself, a little flower of sympathy; it is called "Christmas Eve":

"Mrs. Cassell sits in the waiting-room of the station at Canterbury. She had come down from Sittingbourne to see her married daughter at Herne Bay. She should have been told to change at Faversham, but the guard forgot to ask the little old lady in black where she was going to.

"When the train reached Canterbury she got down in great anger, and roundly abused the stationmaster, a tall, bluff-looking man, who at last soothed her down and showed her into the waiting-room to sit by the fire.

"Mrs. Cassell looks first at the water-bottle and glass on the polished table, and then at the texts over the mantelpiece. She groans in spirit, for she knows Fred will be waiting for her anxiously at the station. The mince-pies she has in her basket will be sadly missed for supper, and the old lady silently drops on them a furtive tear."

"The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith." By Morley Roberts. London: Downey & Co. 1895.

"A Lost Endeavour." By Guy Boothby. The Iris Series. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1895.

By an odd coincidence two of our most promising story-writers have hit upon almost precisely the same conception for a story, the idea of a man sickening of an incurable malady which must inevitably kill him within a definite time. Each has developed the idea according to his distinctive idiosyncrasies, and each has made an intensely interesting book. Mr. Roberts has taken Addison's disease as the pathological mechanism of his tragedy, and the slow spreading of the brown discoloration of the skin, the gradual stagnation of strength and passion, that distinguish this disease, have marked out the line his story takes. His Geoffrey Alwith has been a virtuous young man, working hard and virtuously at his art with a view to a virtuous marriage with an amazingly commonplace girl. When he hears his death sentence he repents of his years of abstinence from the delights of life, tries to snatch at the happiness he can now legitimately secure, and finding his Rachel will not marry him, plunges into dissipation, sinks from one deep to another, is robbed by his mistress, and ends at last miserably in a slum. The story, after the first four chapters, gives ample scope for the forcible roughness of Mr. Roberts's manner, but he has been hampered a little by the increasing inertness that marks the later stages of the disease. The final chapter, in which Alwith "flares up" and paints a Face of Death, fails to convince us. Mr. Boothby, on the other hand, has selected, what for his story is the far more suitable trouble, hæmorrhage from the lungs. Lung disease has, from the point of view of the story-teller, this cardinal advantage: it leaves the brain clear, and the muscles active, up to the last. The dying man is consequently an active agent in the development to the very end. Instead of the grey streets of London and Paris, Mr. Boothby takes us into the Pacific; but it is no new aspect of the Pacific he gives us: we get the same gentlemanly

beach-comber, the same refined, dissipated, white-clad person, full of Latin tags, refined instincts, and the memories of a wasted youth, with whom Stevenson has already made us more than familiar. It is curious that Mr. Boothby should take his hero to die of lung disease into the tropical Pacific, where many people (Stevenson, for example) go to live in spite of it, and it is against experience that a doctor should foretell the date of death from this erratic complaint with the deadly accuracy of the Thursday Island practitioner. Remarkable, too, is Mr. Boothby's ignorance of the fact that a marriage invalidates a will. But we can forgive Mr. Boothby these things, on account of the moving quality of his work. If he does not know how to leave a wife property, he knows at least how to build an exceedingly effective story; he grips the reader from the outset and holds him to the very end. And that, after all, is what the story-reader requires. Mr. Wood illustrates Mr. Boothby admirably; Mr. Roberts is ill served by a frontispiece that would shame a penny novelette.

"The Avenger of Blood." By J. Maclaren Cobban. London: Cassell & Co. 1895.

This is a stirring tale of wrong and revenge, in Morocco and London, by a writer who swings the scimitar with a practised hand. There are no marvels of characterization, no depths of reflection in the work, but the incidents are put together in a workmanlike fashion, and each phase of the vendetta scores its proper contribution to the total effect. Ben Aūda intrigued and robbed and ruined the Basha Habassi, and Habassi's son followed Ben Aūda to England, designing to kill him. Ben Aūda is scared into violent reprisals. There are attempts at assassination at the Earl's Court Exhibition, kidnapping at garden parties, tortures on a Thames steam launch, eunuchs and the bastinado at Barnes. It is plausible enough to frighten nervous people from walking in the streets. Boys will certainly find this a thrilling bookful.

"Under Fire." By Captain Charles King. London: Frederick Warne. 1895.

We must confess we have found the larger part of this book very interesting, though we cannot give its author a high rank among story-tellers. His style is massive—in one place we find a paragraph of two pages and eight lines—he frequently crowds his facts clumsily, massing three or four important statements which affect the development closely together, and his story is involved. But he gives some vigorous pictures of Indian palavers and the fighting in the Sitting Bull campaign, and his matter excuses his artistic defects. After all a man cannot spend his life in both perfecting his knowledge of soldiery and perfecting his style. They are antagonistic employments, and in these days, when one is glutted with books of erotic nothings, impossible horrors, and impossible detectives, all neatly planned and written, one finds a strange relief in the wholesome awkwardness of Captain King.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Armorial Families: a complete Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage, and a Directory of some Gentlemen of Coat-Armour, and being the first attempt to show which Arms in Use at the Moment are borne by Legal Authority." Compiled and edited by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1895.

FROM the transcription above, it might be imagined that the editor of this truly imposing tome had fully and explicitly described his work by his title-page. This is far from being the case, however, and Mr. Fox-Davies expatiates, in his very interesting and entertaining essay on the "Abuse of Arms," upon the many points of difference between his work and other heraldic dictionaries and peerages, such as "Burke's" and "Debrett's." Thus "Armorial Families" is "the only book in existence giving the Arms of Peers and Baronets correctly; it is the only book which takes cognizance of quarterings save in a casual and indifferent manner; it is the only book giving the correct legal and formal style of those whose names appear; it is the only book which gives Peers, Baronets, Knights, Esquires, and Armigers in one alphabetical list on the common ground of gentility; it is the only book which mentions the

children of Knights and Commanders of the Orders of Knighthood." This paragraph of claims, which might well leave one breathless, proves to be merely of a preliminary kind. "Armorial Families" is also the only book that "touches on liveries," that wildly intricate subject, and the only book that rightly applies, or withholds, the "term and description of Esquire." It is "the first and only attempt to regulate the usage of cockades," and some may devoutly trust it may be the last, for this matter of cockades is a tender and delicate subject to handle. There are other things "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme" which this is the only book to attempt. Passing these, we come to the crowning distinction, as we take it, which is, that it is the only and first book that distinguishes between those who are authorized to bear arms and those who are not. Mr. Fox-Davies courageously separates his sheep and his goats. By the delicate use of italics in describing the latter he clearly distinguishes the "genuinely armigerous person" from the unqualified armigerous person. We were somewhat startled to find Mr. Balfour entered in the dubious list, but on referring to the "Addenda" learn that he had "matriculated arms in Lyon Register" since that entry was made. The heroic labours of Mr. Fox-Davies have naturally called forth criticism, and will produce more. We do not envy him the correspondence the present volume will inspire in the non-armigerous. It has been asked, why should Mr. Fox-Davies, a private individual, unconnected with the College or the Offices, and moved only by a love of Armour, busy himself with questions concerning which the authorities prefer to keep silence. Mr. Fox-Davies gives a complete answer in his observations on bogus bearings and the abuse of arms. He shows how the law might be enforced. He indicates many remedies, some of which would prove profitable to the revenue. Others, again, are simple, and would easily take effect. It requires no Act of Parliament, as he points out, to alter the present Inland Revenue licence to use armorial bearings, which as now worded is a direct violation of the Royal prerogative. Dealing with the legal aspects of Heraldry, or "Armory," as he elects to call it, Mr. Fox-Davies shows that much might be done, without any extraordinary machinery, to check the abuse of Arms. His book is handsomely produced and illustrated.

"An Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon." Memoirs of General Count de Ségur. Translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

The Ségur Memoirs rank high among books about Napoleon and his time, both for their sincerity of tone and general trustworthiness and for the spirit and variety of the writer's narrative. No portion of Count Philippe de Ségur's historical memoirs is more attractive than that which is offered to the English reader in the present volume. It abounds in adventurous episodes, told with an engaging simplicity that captivates the reader. No story could be more naively told, for example, than the account of Ségur's expedition to Spain, when entrusted with a secret mission from Napoleon to Godol. You are left in no doubt about the good luck of Napoleon's emissary, whatever you may think of his diplomacy. Then there is that amazing incident in the Archbishop's palace at Burgos, when Napoleon and Ségur were alone, as they thought, in the room, attempting to light a fire, and of a sudden three Spaniards fully armed were discovered hidden behind the window curtains. Never was there a finer chance for making history or marring a career. Ségur relates the affair with a serenity that is highly effective. As to military actions, it would be hard to match his account of the charge of the Polish squadron at Sommo-Sierra, or of the battle of Austerlitz.

"Whitehall: Historical and Architectural Notes." By W. J. Loftie, F.S.A. London: Seeley & Co. 1895.

Mr. Loftie has produced in this *Portfolio* monograph an admirable retrospective study of a fascinating subject. Whitehall, with its august historical memories, has suffered grievously from the hand of time. One must be a keen archæologist to be able to indulge the reconstructive impulse in the precincts of Whitehall at the present time. Yet Mr. Loftie has made this pleasing imaginative pursuit possible to visitors by his clear and careful presentation of the topography of seventeenth-century Whitehall. The Palace and its surroundings assume substantial reality in his pages, and no reader who is attentive to the text, and shares Mr. Loftie's enthusiasm in any degree, should run any risk of missing his bearings. The circumstances that attended the consummation of the tragedy of Whitehall are set forth with excellent perspicuity. Reconstruction of the past is the chief aim of Mr. Loftie, and it is successfully realized in his description of the two famous designs of Inigo Jones for the magnificent palace which was to have eclipsed all other palaces of the time. Mr. Loftie is no believer in the legend that Inigo Jones was a designer of beautiful buildings for his own delight in designing. His first design for Whitehall, costly though it was, was intended to be executed. He was no architect of fairy fabrics and Aladdin's palaces, but had simply miscalculated "the depth of the King's purse." Mr. Loftie's interesting volume is admirably illustrated with drawings from Kent and Campbell, and etchings after Kip, Vertue, Hollar, Thomas and Paul Sandby, and others.

"A King's Diary." By Percy White. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. 1895.

The standard set up by this first volume of a new "Pocket Library" is one that will be found hard to maintain, we anticipate, by Mr. Percy White's successors. "A King's Diary" is a story of remarkable power and originality. The author had previously shown in "Mr. Bailey-Martin" how rich is his endowment in humour, the humour that is old, not new—as old as Cervantes, we must add, though Mr. White is far from approaching the Master in spiritual quality. In "A King's Diary" the humour is blended with a subtle-piercing pathos, and the conjunction is maintained with a felicity of art that is unflinching to the end. The idea of the man whose reason is unseated and who deems himself a king, is, of course, nothing new. The originality of Mr. Percy White's modern romance lies in the treatment, and in this respect "A King's Diary" is entirely new, as it is in other ways exceptionally notable among the fiction of the day.

"Master and Man." By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated by A. Hulme Beaman. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

This strong and simple story will be hailed as a masterpiece by all who are not enamoured of Tolstoi's last phase, and are sick of being sermonized and doctrinized by the "new gospel," however cunningly disguised the pill may be by the sweets of fiction. In a word, Count Tolstoi may be said to have made his return to nature in this moving recital, and has regained his earlier, happier estate as a writer of stories. Anybody may read the moral into "Master and Man" as he will, and everybody must be impressed by the grandeur and dignity of the author's treatment.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM'S new review, the *Twentieth Century*, promises to make good its title and prove the trumpet of a prophecy in these latter days of the century-end. The editorial manifesto sounds the bold anticipatory note clearly enough. It will not be sufficient that the *Twentieth Century* should keep abreast of the times. It is to take a forward flight among its compeers, and interpret in advance the thought and sentiment of the coming century whose breath we already feel upon us. Such is the inspiring function of Mr. Graham and his colleagues. What are known as forward movements, social and political, will thus be "advanced" in more senses than one, and those "who are already of the twentieth century in heart" will find in the newest review an organ to their taste. There is, we confess, much that is cheering in Mr. Graham's announcement. It would be unreasonable to expect the ideal to shape itself in a first number in all its beauty and effulgence. Still, there is no lack of inspiring signs in the new enterprise, and there is material enough for a goodly forecast. Mr. Arthur Diósy's article on the new relations set up between Japan and the Western Powers, "The Empire of the Risen Sun," is something of a paean to the risen sun of Japan, vivid and sanguine as the uprising it celebrates. The same hopeful note is struck by Mr. Charles Rolleston in "The Garden of North Africa." "The steady march of events," says Mr. Rolleston, "towards the close of the nineteenth century indicates in unmistakable characters one special phenomenon—namely, the rapid and permanent triumph of enlightenment over barbarism." Faith in our "wondrous mother-age" finds hearty expression here and in other quarters. We feel how glorious is the victory over barbarism, which is the crowning blessing of these enlightened days, as we turn to Mrs. Kingscote's clever and vivacious article, "Women as They Are," and learn that it is one of the recreations of our youth to go to Battersea Park and "see the women tumbling off bicycles." Mrs. Kingscote, by the way, is severely beneficent in her criticism of the sports and pastimes of the emancipated of her sex. Woman, she asserts, has so far shown herself to be merely imitative of men. In amusements, in studies, in colleges, and the rest, she does nothing but copy men. This sort of thing will not do for the twentieth century. "May we not hope," says the hopeful Mrs. Kingscote, "that the thing of the future may be a free woman, but not necessarily a fast or a wild woman, nor a husband-beater." We await this miraculous new-birth of the twentieth century with a fair measure of fluttering interest. Writing of the "Decadence of Youth," Mr. William Graham compares the young *décadent* of the day with the "incroyable," the dandy, the swell, the macaroni, of other times, and declares that all these, and other types of the tribe, were "superior to the brainless sponge-like nonentity of to-day." It seems that Mr. Graham met at a "very well-known West-end restaurant" some amusing specimens of the class, whose appearance he describes as "precisely like girls in men's clothes." He requested them to rid him of their company, and after a little demur they went. Now, your "bloods" and macaroni of old would not have taken Mr. Graham's intervention so docilely. They had more fight in them. Passing those melancholy revelations of latter-day decadence, we must briefly note Colonel Albert Goldsmid's interesting paper on "The Jew as a Colonist" and Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Acquitted on Grounds of Insanity," with articles of a summary nature, and comments on current Drama and Literature by Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Traill.

NOTES.

AMONG recent publications of the University of Pennsylvania we note "A Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics," by Professor D. G. Brinton (Boston: Ginn & Co.), in which the various elements, pictorial, mathematical, and graphic, of Mayan inscriptions, are clearly treated and the latest researches of scholars are ably summed up. The monograph is of great interest to students of Central American picture-writings, and is very fully illustrated throughout. Dr. Brinton holds an intermediate position, as a Mayan interpreter, between the ideographic school, represented by Dr. Förstemann, and the phonetic school, headed by such theorists as the Abbé Brasseur.

Mr. Fitzgerald Marriott's "Facts about Pompeii" (Hazell, Watson & Viney) is an illustrated monograph descriptive of present-day aspects of Pompeian buildings, of the towers on the walls, recent excavations, and mural decorations of houses. Mr. Marriott is especially concerned with the so-called "mason's marks," or workmen's marks, of which some hundreds are reproduced in illustration of his catalogue of these signs, with certain inscriptions, that occur on walls, houses, and pavements. Mr. Marriott speculates at large on the antiquity of these mason's marks. "Excessively old," he observes, are those that are still used by freemasons. Noah was a freemason, according to the Chinese, "who with many Asiatic races are for the most part freemasons of some variety or other." "Take it for granted," adds Mr. Marriott, "that Noah was a freemason, his predecessors must have been so also, and whether the Chinese are descended from Noah or otherwise, this would account for the wide extent of Freemasonry." Evidently, Freemasonry is of very respectable antiquity. Mr. Marriott has provided visitors with material, in handy form, that is too often neglected by them. We may mention that he warns them, rightly enough, against employing outside guides.

Mr. Charles Lowe's "Prince Bismarck" (Allen & Co.), the new volume of the "Statesmen Series," is an animated sketch of the great Chancellor's career, to some extent supplementary to the author's larger biography published ten years previously, since it deals with the not uneventful years of the statesman's long and remarkable life that followed the Berlin conference on African colonization and spheres of interest.

The third example of Messrs. Macmillan's "Economic Classics" is devoted to selections from Malthus, and comprises parallel chapters from the first and second editions of the famous "Essay on the Principle of Population." In the "English Classics" of the same publisher we note "Selections from the Letters of Cowper," by Mr. W. T. Webb, with an excellent introduction, and somewhat too profuse annotation. Surely, no schoolboy needs to be told that a gridiron is "a framework of bars for baking flesh over the fire," and, if so, "roasting" or "grilling" were a more accurate term than "baking."

In Shakespearian reprints we have two additional volumes of Mr. Edward Arnold's capital "School Shakespeare," viz., "Macbeth" and "Twelfth Night," edited by Mr. R. F. Chalmers; and "King Henry VI.," in Messrs. Dent's charming "Temple Shakespeare," admirably edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz.

Messrs. Deighton, Bell & Co., of Cambridge, have issued a very small yet interesting booklet, the "Sentences of Ali, son-in-law of Mahomet," translated from a MS. in the Bodleian Library by Simon Ockley, B.D., sometime professor of Arabic in Cambridge University, whom Gibbon described as "an original in every sense." Ockley's preface to the "thoughts" of the sententious Ali is certainly extremely original. It is for the most part an indignant protest against the shallow contempt of "Westerlings" for the wisdom of the East. "There is enough," he observes, "even in this little Handful, to vindicate, in the judgment of any Man of Sense, the poor injured Arabians, from the imputation of that gross Ignorance fastened upon them by Modern Novices."

We are glad to see, from the third volume now before us, that the useful and entertaining journal *Bye-Gones* (Oswestry: Woodall & Co.; London: Elliot Stock), which serves as a kind of weekly *Notes and Queries* for Wales and the Marches, is in a thriving condition and deserving of strong support. It is packed with interesting papers and memoranda on old customs, folklore, natural history, archaeology, superstitions, and other subjects of perennial attraction.

Among recent new editions we note Mr. Alfred Austin's "Madonna's Child" (Macmillan & Co.); Professor Fowler's "Progressive Morality," an essay in ethics (Macmillan & Co.), corrected and enlarged; "An Introduction to Social Philosophy," by Professor Mackenzie (Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons); "Chips from a German Workshop," by F. Max Müller, K.M. (Longmans & Co.), vol. iii., being "Essays on Language and Literature"; Dr. W. F. Collier's "Marjorie Dudingstoun" (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier); "Adam Bede," vol. ii. of the "Standard Edition" (Blackwood & Sons); "When the Heart is Young," by Alice Maud Meadows (Digby, Long & Co.); and a revised, enlarged edition of Mrs. A. B. Marshall's "Cookery Book" (Marshall's School of Cookery: Simpkin & Co.).

The fourth volume of the descriptive "Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts in the Library of the India Office," by Professor

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A writ was issued by the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, on the 10th day of April, to which an appearance was entered on the following day. Since that time 6 Tissues have been supplied to the Solicitors of the said Company at their request.

The following is a copy of their claim endorsed on the writ:

"The Plaintiffs' claim is for an Injunction restraining the Defendant his Servants and Agents from infringing the Plaintiffs' several Letters Patent No. 15,286 of 1895, No. 3,592 of 1898, No. 11,195 of 1887, No. 586 of 1891, and No. 124 of 1893, and for damages and costs as between Solicitor and Client."

The Vendors have obtained the following

OPINION OF W. R. BOUSFIELD, Q.C., M.P.:

"I have had submitted to me a specimen of the Improved Incandescent Burners, with plume or radiant tissue, as now being manufactured by Mr. de Mare, and I have been informed in conference of the method of manufacture of the tissue. I am of opinion that this method is substantially different from any described in the Welsbach Patent (15286/85, 3592/88, 11195/87, 586/91, and 124/93), and that the burner and tissue submitted to me do not infringe these Patents."

(Signed) W. R. BOUSFIELD, Inner Temple, 25th April, 1895."

The List will open on Saturday, the 11th day of May, and will be closed at or before 4 p.m. on Monday, the 13th day of May, for Town; and the following Morning for the Country.

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PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, working, and selling the Patent Rights for Great Britain and Ireland which have been granted to Frédéric de Mare, also the application for a further Patent applied for by him, for Improvements in Incandescent Gas-burners, with radiant Plume or Tissue, and which are known in France as the "Héliogène System." This Company also acquires the rights to all improvements which may hereafter be made by the inventor; and further, the right to apply for the Patents or Rights relating thereto for India, Canada, Australia, and all other Colonies or Dependencies of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The de Mare system of Incandescent Gas Lighting consists of an improved atmospheric Burner of special construction surmounted by an ordinary statette tip. The core of the Burner is practically that of an ordinary batwing burner. Over this Burner is suspended horizontally a platinum wire, to which is attached a fringe of cotton, which has been previously steeped in a mineral solution and dried. This fringe, before being calcined, may be freely handled without the slightest injury.

Upon being used for the first time the cotton is burned out by the gas flame, the mineral constituents of the solution alone remaining in the form of a hanging fringe. This fringe is quickly brought to a white heat, producing a bright, steady, glowing light of great purity, devoid of any green or other objectionable tinge.

The light, in fact, is a pure incandescent light, which is as pleasing and natural as the light of the sun, and the system is so perfect that when used in rooms the products of combustion do not injure decorations, as in the case of ordinary gas-burners.

The consumption of gas in the de Mare system is, according to the expert's report in the possession of the Directors, only a little more than one-third that of the London Argand burner for an equal volume of light, the photometric measurements in each case being taken horizontally.

On account of the de Mare system using so much less gas than the ordinary burner the heat produced is proportionately less. It may, therefore, with advantage be used in sick rooms or in bedrooms as a night-light.

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It has been proved that the life of the fringe exceeds 1,000 hours when not damaged by external influences such as accidental blows. This remarkable durability is due to the structure of the fringe, in which no injurious action results from contraction and expansion; the parts not being interwoven, but perfectly free and independent of each other.

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Economy in Gas.
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Great durability of fringe.
Simplicity of construction.
No chimney or globe required.
Adaptability to present fittings.
Purity of light produced.
Reduction of heat.

Perfectness of combustion.
Applicability to every description of lighting.
May be replaced by the user.
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Special attention is directed to the fact that there are no Preference or Founder's Shares to participate in the profits of the Company.

The Shares of the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, were quoted in the *Financial News* of May 4, 1895, as follows:—

Ordinary Shares £1, fully paid, £2 17s. 6d. to £3 2s. 6d.

Preference Shares 2s., fully paid, £3 6s. to £3 10s.

It is the intention of the Directors of this Company to work the English Rights and either work or sell the Rights for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, or to form subsidiary companies to work them. The same course will be adopted in reference to the Colonial Patents when granted.

Mr. John H. Sheldrake, a gentleman of recognised qualifications in practical gas and electric light engineering, has accepted the position of Managing Director of the Company, and has accordingly resigned a similar position previously occupied by him with D. Hulett & Co., Limited, with which business he has been associated for upwards of thirty years.

The Vendors have fixed the consideration for the sale and the other obligations undertaken by them respectively at £75,000, payable as to £15,000 in cash, of which £5,000 is to be paid to them as a deposit on allotment, £33,000 in fully paid-up Shares of the Company, and the balance in cash or fully paid Shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully paid Shares, at the option of the Directors, leaving 25,000 Shares of £1 each available for the provision of working capital.

All expenses of the promotion and formation of the Company, including advertising, printing, legal charges, &c., up to the date of allotment, except the stamp duty on the agreement, will be paid by the Vendors, other than the Société Anonyme des Brevets Etrangers de l'Héliogène and Frédéric de Mare.

An agreement has been entered into dated the 8th day of May, 1895, between the Société Anonyme des Brevets Etrangers de l'Héliogène of the first part, Frédéric de Mare of the second part, John Morris Catton of the third part, and the Company of the fourth part, being an agreement for the purchase by the Company of the above-mentioned Patents and other rights.

The Vendors have also entered into various agreements and arrangements (to which the Company is not a party) in relation to the several Patents, the guaranteeing of a portion of the capital, and the providing of the expenses attending the formation of the Company. These may be considered to be contracts within Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, and subscribers will be deemed to have had notice of all such contracts, and to have waived all rights, if any, to particulars thereof, whether under that Section or otherwise.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, counsel's opinion, the expert's report, and the above-mentioned agreement may be inspected at the Offices of the Company, where also specimens of the Burner and Tissue are on view.

It is intended to apply in due course for a quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Applications for Shares should be made on the accompanying form, and sent to the Bankers or Secretary of the Company, and must be accompanied by a remittance of at 6s. per Share. In cases where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for the surplus amount paid as deposits on such Shares will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment. In cases where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and forms of application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company and of the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Auditor.

10th May, 1895.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven scholarships at least, of value ranging between £80 and £300 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15. —Apply to the Secretary, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80; one of £50, one of £30. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, Tiverton, Devon.—Seven (or more) SCHOLARSHIPS, under 15, will be AWARDED after Examination to be held JUNE 20 and 21.—Particulars may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER.

TREBOVIR HOUSE SCHOOL, 1 & 3 Trebovir Road, South Kensington, S.W. Advanced Classes for Girls and Elementary Classes for Children. Principal, Mrs. W. R. COLE. The Summer Term will commence Thursday, May 2nd. Prospectuses forwarded on application.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1895, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD MASTER, or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.

The Council are about to elect a PRINCIPAL to supply the vacancy which has been caused by the resignation of the Rev. Frank Dyson, M.A. He must be a clergyman of the Church of England in priest's orders, and M.A. at least of the University of Oxford, Cambridge, or of Trinity College, Dublin. His remuneration will commence at £800 per annum, with permission to take boarders, but only pupils attending the College. His duties will begin in September. Testimonials to be sent on or before the 1st of June, addressed to the Secretary, to whom application may be made for further information.

Shaw Street, Liverpool, 8th May. **GEORGE H. DAYSON,** Secretary.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday the 21st of May, 1895, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of the valuable Freehold Ground Rents and Reversions of premises as under, viz.:

Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street,	Ground Rent £1550 per annum.
No. 61, 6a Gracechurch Street,	" " 2010 "
No. 7 Warwick Lane,	" " 175 "
No. 9 King Street, Aldgate,	" " 92 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street, &c." (stating the premises as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before one o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Persons sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

H. MONTAGUE BATES, Principal Clerk.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
26th March, 1895.

NOTICE.

Lots. No. 27 to 35 Monument Street (Ground Rent, £2430) have been withdrawn.

By Order,
H. MONTAGUE BATES,
April 26th, 1895. Principal Clerk to the Commissioners of Sewers.

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Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

- I. By supplying early information to the Secretary of all acts of cruelty that have been witnessed.
- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

Trained Officers are despatched to all parts of the Kingdom. The operations of the Society draw from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions. The Committee need much greater assistance, and unless such additional support be extended to them, this most righteous cause of humanity must suffer from insufficiency of means to carry out those many urgent measures which every well-wisher of this Society has so deeply at heart.

Remittances may be forwarded to **JOHN COLAM,** Secretary.

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The labour of other charities is divided among many Associations; but this Charity stands alone—the Defender of the defenceless—without any assistance.

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THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 69 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

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